

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ - - Editor.



DEMOCRATS TURN OUT.

Democratic meetings will be held at the following places:

Farmers Mills, Wednesday evening, Oct. 26.
Murray's School House, Thursday evening, Oct. 27.
Madisonburg, Friday evening, Oct. 28.
Brumgard's School house, Miles Twp., Oct. 31 evening.
Tusseyville, Saturday evening, Oct. 29.

J. Spangler, C. Bower and others will be present and address these meetings.
Coburn, Tuesday, November 1st.
Rebersburg, Tuesday, November 1st.
Penn Hall, Wednesday, November 2d.
Hosterman's School House, Thursday, November 3d.
Jacksonville, Thursday, November 4th.
Hubersburg, Friday, November 5th.
Millheim, Saturday, November 6th.
Pine Hall, Monday, November 7th.

Ex-Gov. A. G. Curtin and Hon. John H. Orvis, will be at Penn Hall and Millheim, Orvis and others at Rebersburg, Jacksonville, Hubersburg and Pine Hall. District Attorney J. C. Meyer and C. M. Bower, at Hosterman's school house, Haines twp., and J. L. Spangler, C. M. Bower and T. J. Baker, of Union county, at Coburn.

Every Democratic voter, citizen and taxpayer is requested to be present and hear a fair and open discussion of the issues of the present campaign, so that he may know how to vote intelligently at the coming election, Tuesday Nov. 8th.

Our county now has a balance in its favor—vote for Greist for that.

Taxpayers, if you want to pay for a new court-house, the short way to it is to elect the Republican ticket.

Gen Butler is to have \$250 per day for defending the condemned anarchists. When that's done, give him \$50 and he'll agree to do the hanging.

Democrats, by reading the *Gazette* you will find it has a few fishy fellows in our ranks who post it and secretly aid it in its lying course against our nominees.

1882, rate of county tax 4 mills.
1887, rate of county tax only 2½ mills.
Taxpayers look to your interests and vote the entire Democratic ticket Nov. 8th.

We are informed that some fellows are still trying to injure John Noll by quietly circulating a report that he had been a kisser. We did, once before, put a quietus on this lie, and now again deny it. John Noll was true to the ticket last fall, and every fall. Let every Democrat be as true to John Noll.

From the tone of the fiedling *Gazette* we judge it is again in league with a few fishy Democrats to defeat the Democratic ticket. Democrats, look out for traitors in the ranks. Only watch the company the *Gazette* keeps and you can spot the fellows who will sell out and betray our party. Look out for traitors, Democrats!

In another column will be found the prospectus of the *Pittsburg Post*. The *Post* has visited us for nearly a quarter of a century and is so excellent a journal that we could not for a moment think of doing without it. It is Democratic in politics and ably edited, and gives all telegraphic news. The *Weekly Post* is just such a paper as we know will suit any reader that desires to have a city paper; it is a large and interesting sheet.

There seems to be much uneasiness in some disreputable quarters, over any popularity the *Reporter* may have on account of its honesty and the good it has done. That's what it aims at, to be honest and do good and that's what its enemies are afraid of; it can't be used to favor bad men and dishonest schemes in politics, and it can't be scared—there's the rub. The *Reporter* is proud of its untarnished record and that it has no honest, intelligent man for an enemy, as all such endorse a journal that is fearless in exposing rascality and wrong-doers.

Mr. Greist has knocked the sap out of the silly lie that he said 75 cents a day wages was enough for any man, and the lying bugger who published it will now crawl into his coat sleeves. Mr. Greist said, at one time, that 75 cents now will purchase more goods than would \$1.50 during the war. And so it will. But this was twisted to what Mr. Greist did not say nor mean, for the *Reporter* has it from undoubted authority that Mr. Greist has been the payer of \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day for labor for years, and never did a laboring man find Mr. Greist to grumble about it.

VOTE FOR A. J. GREIST.

From the *Centre Democrat*:
Absolute fitness to discharge the important and laborious duties of the office has alone commanded a re-nomination at the hands of the party. This and nothing else has again given Mr. Greist the nomination for the third term. Every Democrat in the county knows full well that for the nomination he now has, he made no canvass. The office came to him unsought, and solely upon his merits. And this not only Democrats, but every man with ordinary sense knows.

When the Democratic members of the present board of Commissioners came into office the county had a debt of \$83,018.00. This is shown by the statement published in February 1882. The several statements published since then show this debt and its reduction as follows:

Jan. 1st 1883, \$61,647.15, reduction \$21,270.94.
Jan. 1st 1884, \$42,142.28, reduction \$20,504.87.
Jan. 1st 1885, \$27,818.69, reduction \$14,323.59.
Jan. 1st 1886, \$18,618.69, reduction \$9,200.00.
Jan. 1st 1887, debt paid and balance in favor of the county, \$27,142.13.

The same statements show that from 1882 to 1885 both inclusive, there were expenses extraordinary incurred in re-indexing data in the Registers, Records and Prothonotary's office. This work was all done in obedience to orders of the courts. The commissioners being bound under the law to provide the books and pay for the work upon the court certifying the amount. For this work they paid exclusive of the costs of books, \$10,775.67. They paid for bridges built in various parts of the county and always upon recommendation of the grand juries and the courts, \$25,440.72. For repairs to the court house, principally made in 1885, \$6,201.05. These items with the debt make \$126,335.63 that they had to raise over and above the ordinary running expenses of the county.

The funds to meet all the running expenses of the county as well as that necessary to discharge all the extraordinary debt, as shown by this vast sum of money, without any increase in the valuation of taxable property, more than would be added from year to year by the natural growth of our population and the increase and development of the wealth and resources of our county. Nor was there any increase in the millage laid during these five years, taking the average. For a few years before the Democratic members of the present board came into office, taxes for county purposes were laid at the rate of four mills upon each dollar of valuation. In 1882 they were laid at the rate of five mills, in 1883, 1884 and 1885 four mills, in 1886 at three mills and in 1887 at two and one-half mills.

A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT IN BEHALF OF PURITY IN POLITICS.

Several prominent ministers of the city of Baltimore made purity of elections their pulpit themes. Rev. D. S. Phillips, of the Broadway Baptist Church, said: "Every Christian has his duty to perform at the polls next Wednesday. As ministers and churches we have held aloof too much from politics. We have kept away from the primaries and even the polls, fearing contamination. The result is we have neglected the sacred trust committed into our care to denunciate men an unconscionable demagogues, machine politicians and bloated rascals."

"Do not be led by the nose by as vile a horde of political demagogues as ever lived," said the preacher. "Act like men. Let not these political butchers lead you like sheep to the slaughter. God holds us responsible as citizens as well as Christians. Having once lifted the trumpet against these abominations it shall ring until my lips are dumb. I care not whether you are a Republican or a Democrat or an Independent or a Prohibitionist. By God's help no silence of mine shall be construed as giving consent to put wicked and unworthy men in power, and I want you, fellow-citizens, to help save our city from these reptiles who infect it."

The silly *Gazette* now tries to taffy the townships over here on the old Dutch game. The league nosed Dutch man of the *Gazette* had better go back to his miserable campaign of bed-bugs and lice, especially since the discovery that the cork leg of a fellow was found to be inhabited by 500 bed-bugs. The *Gazette's* long nose will be found similarly infested, and needs all his attention, before the vermin are spread over the county from the long hollow of his jug handle.

Vote for Greist and Fiedler, for commissioners, and you have rest against getting a new \$100,000 court-house for three years at least. A new and expensive court-house is a pet scheme of the rads.

Our county freed from a heavy debt—vote for Greist for that.

DEGENERATE JOURNALISM.

Too much lying is not as hurtful as a little lying—an overdose of poison, nature has provided, serves as an antidote against the fatal effects of one dose that would kill.

This thought strikes us in view of the wholesale lying and slander that has been indulged in by one of the papers of Bellefonte, during the last eight or ten months. The stuff that it has printed was of the lowest order of political filth against parties who stand high in our county and whose character, public and private, are beyond reproach. The stuff put out weekly from that quarter reminds us of the old days of political warfare, when low blackguardism in the press and on the stump were so common in times of a campaign, as to be a disgrace to the country.

This degradation of journalism, we are glad to say, has nearly or quite worn off, and for a series of years the journals of the land have aimed at a higher tone to be educators of public sentiment instead of putting out low blackguards to gain notoriety from an element that feeds on literary offal, and whose intellectual standard aims not to rise above the gutter in the filth of which wallows the editor who gathers around him the buzzards that are attracted by the stink that goes out from him.

Centre county journalism has progressed with that of other sections of the land and its papers stand in front rank for decency and ability, only that of late a bastard has shown its head at the county seat, that has no hopes of prospering unless it thrives from being the receptacle of the lowest blackguardism and wholesale falsehood.

1882.
Jan. 1882 the county debt was over \$83,000.00. Rate of county tax 4 mills.

1887.
Jan. 1887 the debt of \$83,000.00 is wiped out, and there is a balance of \$27,000.00 in the county treasury. Rate of county tax only 2½ mills.

During this period Messrs Wolf and Greist were elected as Democratic commissioners. Taxpayers look to your interests and vote for A. J. Greist.

A law was passed at the last session of the Massachusetts legislature by which a criminal who has been twice convicted of State prison offences, and who has served two terms of three years each, shall on a third conviction be sentenced to 25 years imprisonment. The first enforcement of this law took place the other day when a horse thief, who had served two terms of five years each, was sentenced to remain in confinement for a quarter of a century, doubtless to the great satisfaction of the owners of horses in Massachusetts and parts adjacent. This strikes us as a very good law, and one that, if it were generally imitated, would advance a number of public interests.

The Philadelphia *Times* thinks Cleveland has now taken possession of the entire United States excepting a 4-aker in Ohio with a little gas-well on it.

We have heard the *Gazette's* song as to influence before, and when an actual test was had we came out 61 to 30, in spite of the opposition of the *Gazette*.

The kind of Democrats this crazy Republican bludge is in love with, is confined to a small number, and notoriously only such as have proven traitors to our party, liars to their pledges, and swindlers in their business transactions. Such Democratic material—thank Heaven it is scarce—is lauded and hugged by Fiedler's nose-rag.

Observe this: Whatever Democrat the *Gazette* champions, will be found to be a bad egg, and that's the sort of company the *Gazette* keeps. Rascals suit it, not honest men.

A new court-house, a new court house every thing for a new court-house, is the song of the radical bosses of this county. The way to head off that kind of fancy and expensive job is to vote for Greist and Fiedler.

The Fortilla Mining Co. of Arizona, is a fraud—shares \$2. It was extensively advertised, and thousands of honestly earned dollars went into the coffers of the swindlers. The advertisement was sent to the *Reporter*, with a liberal offer to pay in cash or stock. But believing it was not a legitimate mining company we refused to accept the ad. as we did not wish to see our readers invest money in as bold a fraud as the oats swindle. Many of the city dailies and country weeklies published the ad. and thus led some of their readers, to give money for mining stocks that were not worth the paper they were written on. Here again the *Reporter* displayed good foresight.

Pity that some papers are not backed up by anything accomplished, save an effort to dodge express charges by stealth by an editor and failed at that.

OPEN WAR ON THE K. OF L.

Chicago, Oct. 24.—The dissenters from the action taken at the Minneapolis convention have declared open war with the executive board of the Knights of Labor and have issued their declaration of independence. On returning from the convention about thirty-five delegates, representing thirteen states, stopped in Chicago and determined to bring about a reorganization of the order. They elected a provisional committee of five members, of which Charles F. Selb was made secretary. A long communication was drafted at Selb's office and will be forwarded in circular form to the knights of labor all over the country.

DECLINER.

Mr. Spigelmeyer, of Spring Mills, who was placed upon Rynder's ticket as the labor candidate for commissioner, desires the *Reporter* to say that this was done without his knowledge and consent, and that he respectfully declines the honor of a place upon the ticket.

It would appear that the lie-batching *Gazette* was started to crowd out the *Republican*, and in addition it now wants to take in the *Reporter* too and annihilate it. Well, that fellow has taken a big contract and bitten off more'n he can chew, even if he has a mouth as big as his nose, which seems to be a regular swine proboscis of the potato digger breed.

From all parts of the lake region come reports of a terrific storm and damage to shipping.

Fort Mead, Dak., Oct. 23.—One of the severest snow and wind storms ever known at the Black Hills set in last evening and continued all night. Eight inches of snow fell, and the drifts seriously impede travel.

Charles H. Plummer, a wealthy lumberman of East Saginaw, Mich., offers to give each of the families of the police officers murdered at the Haymarket square, Chicago, 40 acres of good farming land, conditioned only on their occupying the same, and will also give each family enough lumber to build a house.

That the fools are not all dead yet is evidenced by the fact that the Republican chairman has used two columns of matter to show that the Democrats are plotting to abolish Sunday! What a bad set these Dem's are, and what a brigade of silly fools Cooper is boss over, that gulp down such stuff.

Closer examination has proven that it was not a cork leg that was inhabited by 500 bed-bugs; it turned out to be the *Gazette's* scribbler's long nose that was thus inhabited.

The governor in refusing to call an extra session of assembly to pass the strangled revenue bill, has caused the state to lose one million dollars, and the county of Centre \$7000. Vote the Democratic ticket in November.

1882, rate of county tax 4 mills.

1887, rate of county tax only 2½ mills. Taxpayers, look to your interests and vote the entire Democratic ticket Nov. 8th.

The *Keystone Gazette* at Bellefonte, seems to be in constant agony lest the *Reporter* may have some influence. Whatever influence this paper may have it has earned by unimpeachable honesty and straight forwardness in its conduct.

According to Cooper, chairman of the Republican state committee, the Democrats are not going to smash the country, it is only the Sabbath that the wicked Democrats want to wipe out. Nice food for sapheads!

Ben Butler has been employed to defend the condemned anarchists. He gets a retainer of \$1500 and \$250 per day. A good thing for Ben, but not so good for the knight of the bomb.

Great frauds were discovered, in Philadelphia, where Republicans have put hundreds of names on the registration lists, of persons dead and known.

Nine princes and princesses, at Copenhagen, have the measles.

London, Oct. 22.—The town of Kitab, in Buchara, Central Asia, has been destroyed by fire and half its inhabitants burned to death.

FELL DEAD.—The first incident that has taken place to mar the pleasures of the Presidential party in its tour, occurred at Memphis, Tenn. on the 15th. Here Judge Elliott, of the Chancery Court, as fine excellent gentleman had been selected to deliver the reception speech. He executed his part well, and at the close of his remarks stood in the hot sun listening to the President, and was overcome and fell to the floor dead while the President was speaking.

"Sellers' Liver Pills" have been the standard remedy for malaria, liver complaint, costiveness, etc., for fifty years.

IS ROBERT GARRETT INSANE?

Constantly Watched by Physicians, and Never About to be Released, the Poor Telegraph Man is Mentioned.
Baltimore, Oct. 24.—There seems to be no doubt that Robert Garrett, the de-throned president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad is afflicted mentally. His actions since his return to Baltimore have more than convinced his relatives and friends that he is in a sad condition, and they have used the utmost precaution to keep the knowledge of his condition a secret, but without avail. Whenever he was in the city he was closely shadowed by a physician, which alone gave rise to a suspicion that something was wrong, and his actions have more than confirmed that belief. Some time ago when he was afflicted with a severe attack of the nervous system, Dr. N. S. Gorter, a day or two ago admitted that Mr. Garrett was laboring under a heavy strain, but he was hopeful that rest and change of living would restore his patient to perfect health.

When ex-President Garrett drove up to the Camden station yesterday morning to board the special train that was to carry him to Mexico, he was met by Mr. John K. Cowen with some of the heads of bureaus, who had assembled to bid him farewell. Accompanying Mr. Garrett were Mrs. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. J. Swan Frick, Dr. Nathan R. Gerber and Dr. V. T. Barnard, assistant to the president of the road.

Mr. Garrett appeared in excellent spirits and looked the picture of health. Just as they were about to board the train Sergeant-at-Arms Johnson, of the Philadelphia city council, appeared upon the scene.

He had visited Uplands, Mr. Garrett's country seat, yesterday afternoon and served upon him, as principal and surely of the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph company in the sum of \$4,000, notice to attend the council, which is now considering the matter of forfeiting that sum on account of the merger with the Western Union company. Mr. Garrett received it very quietly and handed it over to Mr. Cowen.

When Mr. Garrett again appeared and Mr. Garrett seemed annoyed. Mr. Johnson drew Mr. Garrett to one side and the pair engaged in earnest conversation. This was suddenly ended by Mr. Garrett crying out in an excited tone:—"Damn it! They've stolen the telegraph company!"

Frick at once interfered and led Mr. Garrett to the train, Mr. Johnson departing from the scene.

When the time came for the train to move off Mr. Garrett again stepped off and cordially shook each one of the officials and employees by the hand. Then stepping on the coach he stood on the platform and as he moved off called out in stentorian tones:—"Don't let Jay Gould steal this state of Maryland before I get back!"

There is no use in denying that there is still some anxiety about Mr. Garrett. Whenever the telegraph matter is suggested he becomes very much enraged. It is understood that his friends induced him to make the trip in order to divert his mind. He will be gone about a year.

THE CROW INDIANS.

The Military Getting Ready to Give Them a Trouncing.

St. Paul, Oct. 23.—Adjt.-Gen. Vincent of the department of Dakota, says with regard to the military preparations for meeting the expected trouble at the Crow agency, Montana: "Some forty of the turbulent young Crows have been at the Tongue river agency with the view of joining the Cheyennes there to join them, but the latter have refused to do so. A troop of cavalry and a company of infantry left Fort Keogh at noon Saturday for the Tongue river agency, with the view of insuring quiet. Three companies of infantry are held in readiness at Fort Keogh for immediate service whenever circumstances may demand. Three troops of cavalry and two companies of infantry have been ordered from Fort Meade to Fullock's Fork for service in case of any extended outbreak of the Crows, and to prevent them, should they be a southerly direction. At Fort Custer, within three miles of the Crow agency, there are five troops of cavalry and two companies of infantry, also one company immediately at the agency. Gen. Rucker reached Fort Custer at noon today."

A despatch from Billings, Montana, says the authorities declare that the matter will be settled the first of the week, and a fight very soon seems highly probable.

Three Men Killed by an Explosion.

Bristol, Conn., Oct. 24.—E. C. Wilson left Japan oven, at Sessions & Sons' foundry, at noon Saturday in the room where a dozen men and boys were at work, to go to his dinner. He had but just gone out when the oven exploded with fearful violence, instantly killing one man and wounding two others and setting the building on fire. It was some time before the flames were subdued, and then there were dragged forth the charred remains of the three victims. No reason can be assigned for the accident. The excitement was great, particularly before it was known how many victims there were in the flames. The damage to the building is about \$1,000.

The Anarchists Expect to Hang.

Chicago, Oct. 23.—Sam Feiden, the English member of the condemned anarchist group, was visited yesterday by Gen. M. Trumbull, president of the new British-American association and ex-District attorney of Iowa, an old acquaintance. To him the condemned man said the anarchists had lost faith in Col. Black, as paying too much attention to the moral aspect and not enough to the legal points in the case. He was just as hopeful of a favorable verdict toward the end of the trial as he is now of favorable action in the supreme court. They are satisfied with Tucker, Fryer, and Butler, but expect to hang on November 11, and are ready.

Russia and Germany.

Berlin, Oct. 24.—Germany has cause for diplomatic service with Russia. Recently a German farmer was shot by a Russian sentry upon the German-Russian frontier, under circumstances similar to the last German-French border incident.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

"David Roberts," about seventy years old, has been convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of J. L. Kendall, in Morgan county, Ky., in 1864. He escaped west, and was only recently discovered.

A Canadian propellant reported blown to pieces by explosion of her boiler in North Channel, near Bruce Mines, and thirty people killed. No particulars as yet obtained, the place being isolated from any port or telegraph station.

Quite a flurry has been created at Nash ville, Tenn., occasioned by the report that natural gas had been discovered in this immediate vicinity. It is said that not ten miles from the city a well seventy feet deep throws a flame fifteen feet high.

Saturday evening, at Maxwell, Iowa, Perry Acker entered the office of Mayor J. O. Ackers, shot and killed him. He then shot T. B. Schmeitzer, but not fatally, and after pursuing others, turned and shot himself, dying immediately. No cause for the murder is known.

George Addy, a wealthy resident of Paterson, N. J., has been arraigned in the court of quarter sessions on two indictments charging him with malicious mischief, the mischief consisting in cutting the wires of the New Jersey and New York telephone company and the wires of the Paterson fire alarm telegraph. These wires ran in front of property owned by Addy and he objected to them.

The laying of the corner stone of the monument to be erected in Richmond, Va., to the memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee, will take place on Thursday next. The day selected by the Lee monument association is the big day of the State fair, and indications point to an immense influx of visitors, probably the largest ever seen in Richmond. Lee Camp No. 1, Confederate veterans has been assigned the post of honor.

The Dominion government has completed an arrangement for transportation of mails on the new route between Great Britain and Japan via the Canadian Pacific railway. Vancouver will be made a postal centre under the new arrangements, and all foreign mails coming East and destined for points in the United States and Canada will be distributed from there. The sorting of foreign mails in course of transportation will be done at Montreal, which is the other postal terminus on the route.

There are ugly rumors among the stockholders of the American Cotton-Seed Oil Trust of Chicago about the finances of the concern. Shortly before the last quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. was passed it was known that there was \$750,000 in the treasury. The stockholders have repeatedly demanded to know what has become of this money, but they can't find out. The resignation of John V. Lewis, president of the trust, adds to their uneasiness. Lewis was known to be heavily involved in the disastrous Harper wheat deal.

SOCIAL CIRCLES DISTURBED.

Atlanta Society People in a How Over the President's Reception.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 23.—The social disturbance which President Cleveland has left behind him is likely to linger for a long time. When it was first ascertained that President Cleveland would visit the city the Capital City club, a body of limited membership, requested the privilege of giving the main social reception to the president and his wife. It was not until the president was almost in sight that the people awoke to the fact that his reception was in the hands of a close corporation, which had regard for neither rank or station. The tickets to the reception were distributed to the private and inconsequential friends and relatives of the members to the neglect of visiting governors and invited guests of prominence. Gov. Taylor and staff were completely ignored, while even the staff of Gov. Gordon had to cool their heels on the sidewalk. The story of the neglect of Gov. Taylor is no less remarkable than the snubbing of mayor John Tyler Cooper. In every city visited by Cleveland he was welcomed by the mayor on behalf of the citizens. The Atlanta receptions were remarkable all the way through for the neglect of Atlanta's chief executive. He did not figure on the night of President Cleveland's arrival, nor was he a guest at either of the dinners given in the president's honor. This is the more remarkable from the fact that the mayor is a man of distinguished family, being one of the few members of the society of Cincinnati in Georgia and a descendant of the Tyler and Cooper families.

HARMONY WANTED.

An Effort to be Made to Unite Labor Parties for Next Year's Campaign.

St. Louis, Oct. 23.—Arrangements have been made for the holding in this city about the middle of December of a conference of all labor political elements or factions in the country, at which will be representatives from all sections of the union. The object of the conference is said to be to harmonize all factions under one flag for the campaign next year and to adopt a general platform. Another purpose is to decide upon a new name—one in which the word labor will not appear. The National Free Soil party is the name which, it is thought, will be adopted.

It is expected that Henry George will be a prominent figure in the conference, and that his land theory will be adopted. It is also expected that the conference will fix a date and place for holding a national nominating convention. If this is done an effort will be made to have the convention held here.

An Opium Joint Raided.

STRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 23.—The police raided a Chinese opium joint in this city last night and arrested two women, one aged 32 and the other 14. The elder woman gave the name of Nellie, and said she was the wife of the Chinaman Francis who kept the place. She claimed to have come from Philadelphia, and to have married the Chinaman in Saratoga, last July. The 14-year-old girl, Maggie Williams, claims to have been brought from Philadelphia by the woman, whose real name she says is Nellie Austin, under false pretences. Both women are in the police station. The Chinaman's place was raided by the police a week ago as a gambling resort. Eleven Chinamen were arrested.

Whiskey Did It and Not Food Play.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Oct. 24.—The body of Patrick A. Flood, the man who was found in a clump of bushes near Gurrier's hotel at Scotch Plains, perfectly unconscious, Friday morning, and who died twelve hours later, was brought to Stiles morque, nude, in this city yesterday. County Physician Westcott says Flood died from exposure, having been out in the cold rain over Thursday night. The body was covered with scratches.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—John Barrett, 17 years old, was shot and dangerously wounded in New York on the evening of the 16th by Leongard Giuseppe, while defending his sister's honor. He was passing along the street with his two sisters when the younger was insulted by Giuseppe, and when the elder sister refused the man, she was kicked in the side. The brother went to their assistance but was seized around the neck by the Italian, who then placed a revolver to his breast and fired. Giuseppe is but 18 years old.

—M. S. Hudgins, assistant principal of the Norfolk Academy, at Norfolk, Virginia, accidentally shot himself with a fowling piece on the 16th, and died on the morning of the 17th of the wound. Charles Wilcox, a boy, keeper of a toll-gate near Wilkesbarre, Penna., on the 17th, shot and killed another boy, named George Brooks. Wilcox said they were playing with a revolver and it accidentally went off. In Albuquerque, New Mexico, on the 15th, two boys were trying to clean a shotgun, which was loaded. One boy held a lighted candle over the tube while the other blew down the barrel. The charge exploded, and Roman Martinez was instantly killed.

—The tenement occupied by James O'Connell, at Peabody, Massachusetts, was burned on the 17th, and two of O'Connell's children, James, aged 4, and Mary, aged 2 years, were suffocated. A boarding-house at Lake Edward, Quebec, was burned on the night of the 16th, and three boarders, Thomas Sanders, William Buchan and George Scott, lost their lives. The Kent House, at Lakewood, Chautauque Lake, New York, was destroyed by fire on the 17th. The loss is placed at \$125,000, on which there is an insurance of \$36,000. The fire was caused by the explosion of a lamp in the laundry. About a dozen cottages on Lake View avenue were damaged, being saved from total destruction by bucket brigades.

—A four-story building in course of erection on East One hundred-and-fiftieth street, New York, to be used as a parochial school for the parish of the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, collapsed on the afternoon of the 17th and buried over twenty men who were working upon it. Four men were killed, namely: John Dunkin, Harry Remitz, Paolo Hillbreth and Girolamo Loreta; and there are missing James McCarthy and Michael Lannan, and a boy named Brown. Nine men were severely injured, among them Rev. Father Kirner, in charge of the church.

—Young Lee, who shot Rawson, the janitor, on a church porch in Chicago, on the 16th, was arraigned on the 18th and held without bail to await the result of the shooting. The physicians now think Rawson may recover. Colonel William McWilliams, a "political orator," was shot dead by George Bangs in front of a saloon in Jacksonville, Florida, on the evening of the 17th. The shooting was an outcome of an old quarrel. In Warsaw, Indiana, on the 18th, Joseph W. Plow was convicted of killing Henry Dunham and baby in February last. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life. The train robbers killed by Express Messenger Smith have been identified as "Jack" Smith and "Dick" Mayer. Smith killed Jules Boisillier in Paso del Norte, Texas, two years ago, and shot Policeman Chapman in El Paso last spring. Officers are on the trail of a man who is said to be a confederate of the dead robbers. Mrs. Sarah Fruden, inmate of a vile reformatory in Pittsburg, was shot dead in the hall of the house on the night of the 18th by Joseph Evans, a hack driver. The woman, who had separated from her husband and was living with Evans, left the latter a few weeks ago because he abused her. Hence the murder.

—Daniel Cunningham, a detective, of Eureka, West Virginia, who is alleged to have instigated the robbery of Rev. Mr. Ryan and others in Roane and Jackson counties, is reported to have been captured on the 17th and lynched on the evening of the 17th. Seven men were engaged in the murder and robbery of Mr. Ryan. Of these the vigilantes have lynched Coon, George Duff, Jr., Robert Duff and Drake. The Duffs and Drake made a confession, and said that Cunningham and his nephew were the only ones not caught. It appears that "all the arrests made by the vigilantes were upon warrants."

—Two families, named Russell and Rumboldt, have arrived at Montreal from Labrador. They tell a painful story of life in that province. They say the people are in a condition of semi-starvation; that they are the slaves of dealers, who never give them any money for fear they will leave the country; that the fishing has fallen away, and that there is barely enough to keep them during the summer. The Government gives a little assistance.

—Near Pansutawney, Penna., on the evening of the 17th, four masked robbers entered the house of Philip Kuppel, an aged farmer, beat him nearly senseless with a club and bound his hands and neck. They also tied his wife. The ruffians then ransacked the house, taking \$700 in money, two gold watches, two guns, a revolver and some articles of smaller value. One of the robbers brought pie and milk into the room and they had a feast together. After three hours they went off, one at a time, until only one was left. This one untied the old couple, and saying it was time for honest people to be in bed, left the house.

—Mrs. Smith, wife of a farmer, near Sunbury, Penna., was bitten by a dog, owned by John P. Haas, a neighbor, some months ago. The bite was not severe, and soon healed up. On the 18th, a jury gave her \$400 damages.

—A despatch from Chamberlain, Dakota, says Major Anderson, Indian Agent at Lower Brule Agency, has arrested Chief Little Pleasant and the other ringleaders of the band who drove the surveyors from the reservation. The surveyors have resumed work and everything is now quiet.

—Frederick Sturtevant, convicted of horse stealing, in Lawrence, Massachusetts, was, on the 18th, sentenced to 25 years' imprisonment. He had served two terms of imprisonment of five years each. His was the first case to come under the criminal law passed by the last Legislature, which provides that any criminal convicted of a State prison offence, who had served two terms over three years each, must be sentenced to 25 years.

—A despatch from Greenwood, Mississippi, says, the wife of Harry Taylor, who was supposed to have been murdered, with her husband, by Harry Bayou Masons (colored), has reappeared. She says her husband and herself left there for fear something would be done to them by brother Masons. She says her husband is alive, and left about two weeks ago to find employment. "The question is, who is the man found in the river, and who killed him?"

—An express train on the Pennsylvania Railroad struck a team at Steele's Crossing, near Lancaster, on the afternoon of the 18th, killing Mrs. Jacob Steltz and Mrs. Barbara Steltz. The wagon was demolished and the horse killed. Samuel Voltrath, aged 25 years, was killed by jumping from a moving freight train at Leaman Place, Penna., on the morning of the 18th.

—The body of John Johnson, carpenter, was discovered in the ruins of the collapsed school house in Harlem, New York, on the afternoon of the 18th.

—Four men employed at the mines of the Hudson Iron Company, in West Stockbridge, Massachusetts, fell 125 feet down a shaft on the 14th. The rope attached to the bucket in which they were descending into the mine slipped around the drum. Three of them will probably die from the injuries sustained.

—E. J. Wilber, a prominent politician and capitalist of Winfield, Kansas, has been arrested on the charge of murder. Some time ago a man named Van Cleave was murdered, and Wilber's arrest was made on the strength of a confession by a colored man, who says Wilber hired him to commit the murder. It is said Wilber was intimate with Mrs. Van Cleave. Thomas Stanley, Sr., went home drunk, in Tunnel Hill borough, near Pittsburg, on the 18th, and abused his wife. Finally he took up a shot gun. She ran out of the house and he shot her dead. In Pottsville, on the morning of the 19th, Henry Shaffer, aged 75, shot and killed his wife, aged 57, and then committed suicide. The couple were married about a year ago, he being a widower and she a widow. Shaffer was well-to-do, but morose and peevish in disposition, and the couple were continually quarrelling. Each leaves a family of adult children.

—A woman from Bound Brook visited Rahway, New Jersey, with a detective, on the 18th, and examined the effects of the girl who was murdered there in March last. The woman identified the clothing as that of Annie Ingram, an English girl, who lived as a domestic with a family at Bound Brook, and who, after being married, disappeared. She recognized the knife found near the body, and said that she had made some of the underclothing which the dead girl wore. The detectives think they are on the right track at last.

—An explosion of natural gas occurred in Pittsburg on the morning of the 19th, caused by the ignition of the People's Company's gas while workmen were making a connection in the basement of the establishment of Feick Bros., dealers in artificial limbs. A trench had been dug in the rear of this building, and a main laid beyond the Hotel Albemarle. In this the usual pressure of gas was turned, and, through the failure to shut off the gas at the end of the service pipe extending to the cellar, the building was filled with gas. Fifteen persons were injured, the following: Jacob Dinger, Thomas Scanlan, Michael Malbran, Henry Blake, colored, and H. T. Feick. The damage by the explosion will reach \$50,000. Fully \$3000 worth of plate glass was broken by the concussion. The guests in the Hotel Albemarle became panic stricken, and several were slightly injured in making their escape. A number of persons confined to their beds with typhoid fever were carried from the hotel, and it is feared the exposure may retard their recovery.

—James Reese, George Shiffert and Oswin Griess were arrested at Seitzville, near Allentown, Penna., on the afternoon of the 19th, on the charge of having killed William Burns, near Emmaus, on the night of the 18th. "A Coroner's jury has declared that Burns' death was accidental, and the only evidence against the prisoners are careless expressions of their own." They were committed for a hearing.

—Advices from the Indian Territory say that a few days ago "Bud" Trainor, John Leach, "Joe" Miller and "Bill" Chuet, outlaws, took possession of Mr. Duckworth's store, 22 miles from Tahlequah, and held it for three days, selling goods to those who would buy, feeding horses in the store on the counter, and running things their own way. They then set the store on fire, burning it down at a late hour in the night. They then fired into a residence adjacent to the store, and as the women and children fled from the house shot at them, after which they fired the dwelling, stable and corn-crib.

—A telegram from Ishpeming, Michigan, says of the epidemic of typhoid fever in the Iron Mountain village, on the Menominee River Railway, 100 miles south of there, that there were 200 cases on the 18th, and new cases were reported every few minutes. The deaths are numerous. The physicians are working night and day. Poor water and defective sewerage are generally blamed for the epidemic. A panic prevails, and many persons are leaving the place.

—Simon Hovey, 83 years of age, was attacked near his home in East Sullivan, Maine, on the evening of the 17th, by a bear, which had been wounded by a gun set in a corn field, and the old man died on the 19th of

his injuries. The bear, which was captured and killed, weighed 400 pounds.

—Miss Studdiford, 23 years old, committed suicide in Chicago on the 19th, by taking poison. She had been engaged to a young man named William Boothman, and they were to have been married this month. A few weeks ago the engagement was broken off.

—A severe storm began at New Orleans at midnight on the 18th. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 19th the rain had reached two inches, the barometer stood at 29.16, and the wind velocity was 48 miles an hour. The rear portion of the city west of Claiborne street was partially inundated. Trees and fences were levelled, the tower of a floating grain elevator was blown off, and a small church in course of erection was partially demolished. Almost all the sugar cane from Morgan City to New Orleans was blown down in the fields.

—It is reported from Cincinnati that the U. S. Grand Jury there has found seventy indictments against Ex-president Harper, of the Fidelity Bank; "from seven to ten" indictments against Benjamin E. Hopkins, and "as many" against Miss Josie Holmes, Harper's private secretary in the bank. It is also reported that Joseph Wilshire and two other bankers are indicted.

—Petroleum which was being used for fuel caught fire in the Fulton Iron Works in San Francisco, on the evening of the 19th, and destroyed the machine shops with much machinery, and the castings for six steamships which had been completed. Loss about \$200,000. The California Car Works adjoining were also burned, entailing a loss of about \$50,000. The steamer Regulation, an iron vessel of about 850 tons, belonging to the Clyde Line, was burned at her wharf in Wilmington, North Carolina, on the 20th. She was entirely destroyed, together with her cargo of 630 bales of cotton, naval stores and lumber, valued at \$50,000. Both vessel and cargo were insured. Three blocks in the business portion of Mariette, Wisconsin, were burned on the morning of the 20th. Loss, \$20,000. Incendiaries are suspected.

—A Helme, wife and four children, living in St. Cloud, Minnesota, became seriously ill, on the 20th, after eating head cheese. The examining physician believes the case to be trichinosis.

—Hog cholera, or a disease which strikingly resembles it, is prevailing in the western part of Warren county, New Jersey, and is causing heavy losses to the farmers.

—Thomas H. Davis, ex-cashier of the New York Central Railroad, who recently absconded after stealing \$15,000 from the company, and was arrested in Camden, New Jersey, was held in \$2500 bail for trial in New York, on the 22d. He confesses his guilt, and blames gambling for his downfall.

—The rain on the 20th, extinguished the brush fires which surrounded Slabtown, near New London, Penna., but thousands of dollars' worth of valuable timber was destroyed.

—A freight train and a passenger train collided near Greens, 12 miles east of Greenville, South Carolina, on the morning of the 20th. The collision was caused by the neglect of the freight train to go on a side track to let the other pass. Both engines, the postal baggage and express cars and three freight cars were wrecked. Mrs. Hemp McDonnell, of Asheville, North Carolina, and Robert Ward, engineer, of the passenger train, were killed. Ten persons were injured, Edward Harnet, fireman, fatally, and Philip Black, workman, dangerously. The engine and conductor of the freight train fled to the woods. Two trains on the Erie Railroad collided on the morning of the 20th, one mile east of Great Valley Station, New York. The engines of both trains and several cars were demolished. J. J. Cooney, conductor; W. Hawkins, fireman; and J. C. McFarland, brakeman, were, it is thought, fatally injured. Three cars of a fast express train on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad were thrown from the track and overturned on the 20th by a defective switch. Twelve miles below Charleston, West Virginia. The engine, baggage, express and mail cars passed the switch safely, but the three middle coaches left the track, and two of them were turned completely over, one turning twice. No person was killed. The following were injured, quite a number seriously: W. F. Simmon, New York; Lewis Baker, colored, Columbus, Ohio; O. P. Watson, Taylorsville, Kentucky; John Kelly, Indianapolis, Indiana; Mrs. Catherine Miller, New York city; W. F. Haines, Charleston, West Virginia; Dr. William Fowler and wife, New York city; Otto Levi, New York city; General Robinson, Mayville, Kentucky; Marion Smith, Charleston, West Virginia, and two passengers whose names were not learned. Fortunately the fires in the stoves had gone out.

—A heavy snow storm set in at Watertown, Dakota, on the evening of the 20th.

—Mrs. Levi Stone was feeding her pigs in Pickets county, South Carolina, on the 19th, when a sudden movement on her part as she leaned over the side of the pen, drove a needle which was sticking in the front of her dress into her breast, near the heart, causing almost instant death.

—A telegram from Chihuahua, Mexico, reports the murder, by Mexican bandits, of John Dickerson, a capitalist and speculator, well known on the Pacific coast. He was engaged at Chihuahua as manager of several mines in which he had a large interest. Daniel Diamond shot and instantly killed William Crane, near Helena, Arkansas, on the evening of the 20th. They quarrelled about the possession of a fishing net, which was the property of Diamond. William R. McCullough, Chief Engineer of the steamship Comal, who was arrested at Galveston, Texas, upon the charge of murdering John T. Graham, a coal handler, while

en route from New York, was on the 21st, placed under \$5000 bail for trial at the November term of the United States Court. Two witnesses were also placed under bonds. Joseph Jacques, a cabinetmaker, and his son-in-law, August Pathe, quarrelled in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on the evening of the 20th, about the price to be charged for a small job. Jacques plunged a big knife into Pathe's abdomen. With the weapon sticking in his body Pathe pursued his father-in-law several blocks, returned to his house and pulled the weapon out. He will die. Jacques was last seen making for the river headed, and is believed to have committed suicide. Martin Stenson, of Frackville, Penna., was arrested on the 21st on the charge of causing his father-in-law's death. The couple were seen fighting in their yard on the evening of the 20th, and the woman ran into the house, followed by her husband. Subsequently Mrs. Stenson fell from the second story window and was impaled on a picket fence. She died almost instantly. John Barrett, 16 years old, who was shot in New York by the Italian, Lumbogardi, while defending his sisters from the other's insults, on the evening of the 16th, died on the 21st.

Dr. J. A. Hopkins, a well-known physician of Parkerville, Kansas, was shot and killed on the 21st by H. S. Day, Mayor of Parkerville. Bad feeling had existed between the parties for some time, growing out of the separation of Hopkins from his wife, who is a niece of Day's.

—In San Francisco, on the evening of the 20th, Mrs. Clara Belle McDonald, defendant in a divorce suit, went to the reception room of the Baldwin Hotel, where she met her father-in-law, Richard H. McDonald, President of the Pacific Bank. She demanded \$100,000, which she said she would accept as a compromise in the divorce case. Her father-in-law refused the money, whereupon she drew a revolver and shot at him three times. All the bullets missed their aim, and the woman was placed under arrest. Mr. McDonald was the prohibition candidate for Governor of California at the last election. His son, R. H. McDonald, Jr., Vice President of the Pacific Bank, is the woman's husband.

—Counterfeit postal cards have been discovered in Pittsburg, Penna., so skillfully executed that their detection is very difficult. It is thought they came from New York.

—A telegram from Toronto, Ontario, says Philip Hertz, cashier of the Willamette Trust and Savings Bank, has fled to the United States with \$10,000 of the Depository's funds.

—Two trains collided near Shell Mound, Tennessee, on the morning of the 21st. Two tramps who were stealing a ride were killed, and three others seriously injured.

—The boiler of a portable saw mill at West Brownsville, in Washington county, Penna., exploded on the afternoon of the 21st, killing two brothers named John and William Kelly. A man named McCann is missing. A boiler used to test a new well being dug for the Burlington and Missouri Railroad Company, in Lincoln, Nebraska, exploded on the 21st, killing Charles Thomas, the fireman, and seriously scalding two other workmen.

—Nate Fredericks and two children died at Findlay, Ohio, on the 21st, from the effects of Paris Green eaten on cabbage. Mrs. Fredericks and two other children are lying at the point of death.

—At Allentown, Penna., on the 21st, Samuel Mebus was killed and Titus Sterner fatally injured by the fall of a scaffold.

—Mrs. J. Arnoux Rometat, of New Castle, Penna., a niece of Stephen Girard, the founder of Girard College, says that a suit is about to be brought against the college for the recovery of part of its fund for about a dozen descendants of the founder, most of whom live in France. She says that Girard left property worth \$140,000 to relatives, few of whom received any of it, and is now worth \$750,000. She asserts that her father, Jean, the youngest brother of Stephen, did not receive his portion, and that it, with other parts of the bequest, was taken by the college.

—The Little Rock Gazette publishes the report of a desperate fight between a Vigilance Committee and a gang of outlaws on the North Fork of the Arkansas river in the Indian Territory on the 20th. The fight lasted all day, and eight of the outlaws were killed, eight others being wounded. The Vigilants had three men killed and two others wounded.

An ordinary spider's thread, just visible to the naked eye, is the union of 1000 or more fine and delicate threads of silk. These primary threads are drawn out and united by the hind legs of the spider.

THE MARKETS.

PROVISIONS—	
Beef city family	8 50
Hams	15 00
Pork	12 00
Prime Mutton	15 00
Sticks smoked	10 00
Shoulders smoked	7 00
Do in salt	6 00
Smoked Beef	6 50
Lard Western	6 50
Lard loose	6 50
FLOUR—	
West and Pa. sup.	3 25
Pa. Family	3 50
City No. 1 White	3 50
City No. 2 White	3 40
Pat. Wt. Wt.	4 35
Rye Flour	3 50
GRAIN—	
Wheat No. 1 red	86 00
City No. 2 White	85 00
No. 3	84 00
Pat. No. 1 White	87 00
Pat. No. 2 White	86 00
No. 3 Mixed	85 00
FISH—	
Mackerel, Large	40 00
No. 2 Shore	35 00
Herring, Lab.	6 50
SUGAR—	
Powdered	6 50
Granulated	6 50
Confection	6 50
HAY AND STRAW—	
Timothy	15 00
Mixed	13 50
Cut Hay	14 50
Rye Straw	11 00
Wheat Straw	10 00
WOOL—	
Ohio, Penna. and W. Va. Fleeced XX	31 00
Common	30 00
Unwashed medium	28 00

A WONDERFUL BABY.

When Three Days Old It Shouted "Pull Off the Quilt."

There is a bigger attraction in Little Rock just now than Showman Barnum ever possessed.

This wonderful phenomenon is at present residing on 12th street, and in the shape of a colored baby, not yet seven weeks old. It talks, not like a grown person, it is true, but at the same time as well as any child of three years of age.

The parents of the child are a Mr. and Mrs. Scott, who reside on 12th street, between Centre and Spring Streets, and are hard-working, respectable people. Mrs. Scott is the mother of twelve children, who are not different from others of the same age, and have so far shown no remarkable peculiarities. When three days old this child startled his mother and several children who were present by requesting them to present to "pull off the quilt." This caused a sensation for the time being, and on the next day the baby called out: "Say, where is mamma?"

When visitors were told of this unheard-of proceeding on the part of a child not a week old, a watch was kept by several young ladies and gentlemen, who wanted to hear the child talk. The result is that they were finally convinced that the reports circulated were true. From the time the baby first opened its mouth until the present there has not been a day that it did not talk more or less. It says such words as "pa," "ma," "come here," and "let me alone." The sentences are not full and well rounded and the words are broken, but all the time intelligible.

The parents are very much annoyed by the hundreds of visitors who throng the house.

Street-Car Passengers.

In a Milwaukee avenue car was a pleasant-looking German lady. Nearly a block before she reached the street corner at which she desired to alight she signaled the conductor to stop, and began arranging her wraps preparatory to getting off. Before the conductor had jerked the bell-strap for the car to stop the lady was on her feet. When the driver wound up his brake she fell against an occupant of the opposite seat. His new cream-colored dress hat barely escaped a flourish of her arms. The car came to a dead halt before she attempted to step off. She leaned against the posts of the open car, and looked up and down the street to see that no vehicle or other danger was near. Next one foot was cautiously placed on the board at the side of the car. After a time the other followed it. Then the lady passenger had to stop, deliberate, and decide on which of the three sides of a small mud-hole she would step. At last she got off.

The conductor had held his hand at the bell-strap above his head until his arm became numb and dropped nervously at his side. "It makes me wild to see people so infernal slow," he said after snatching viciously at the strap and making the bell ring a couple of anathemas at the lady who was picking her way to the sidewalk. "These Germans harrow the souls of street-car conductors."

"Does one nationality get off a car differently from another?" was asked. "Well I should say so. The cars that run into German settlements are allowed longer schedule time than the others, to allow the residents time to get on and off. The men are no better than the women. The men sit and talk to each other until the car stops for one of them. He shakes hands all around and wobbles out of the door. An idea comes to him when he reaches the car step, and he sticks his head in the doorway at a lost world. These people are slow about getting their fares ready, too, and never seem to know when they have talked enough."

"What nationality gets off the car quickest?"

"The American-born citizen can get off a car and walk a block before the German has made up his mind whether he wants to leave it at all. American women never move until the car is stopped. Then they get up and step down quickly. The girls don't wait for the car to stop to get on or off. Once I ran a car on West Indiana street where the people are Americans—those who belong to the working classes. I have often started down town with a load of working girls, and never stopped till I reached State street. Nearly every girl would be off the car, having jumped before the car had stopped. The Irish and French get off a car pretty well, but the Bohemians and Poles are slower."

"Who are the best passengers?"

The colored people, by all odds. Every colored man, woman, and child has his nickel in his hand before the conductor gets around. If a colored man gets on the car with a family of ten children, every one of them will have his fare in his hand. They get on and off the car without delay, because they are American citizens."

A Thrifty Soul in Russian Uniform.

General Skobelev was working in his tent one evening near the Danube, or near a pond, when a Turkish bomb dropped at the threshold of his tent. The General had just time to see the sentry outside stoop down and throw the shell into the water. Skobelev approached the soldier and said: "Do you know you have saved my life?" "I have done by best, General," was the reply. "Very well. Which would you rather have, the St. George's Cross or one hundred roubles?" The sentry hesitated a moment and then said: "What is the value of the St. George's Cross, my General?" "What do you mean?" The cross itself is of no value; it may be worth five roubles, perhaps, but it is an honor to possess it." "Well, my General," said the soldier, "if it is like that, give me ninety-five roubles and the Cross of St. George!" The sentry, it should be noted, was a Jew, with a fine Semitic profile.

Much as we dislike to admit our defects, we find it better to know and guard against than to ignore them.

STUTTERERS' SCHOOL.

How the Habit of Stammering is often Acquired.

"Young man, how did you acquire the habit of stammering?" "I was used to m-m-mock a man. When he d-d-died I took his place." The question was by a professor of a vocal institute, and the answer by a young man who had just announced his intention of taking a series of lessons. A reporter was present, and sitting around the room were several intelligent looking young men, the most of whom could speak as fluently as any one. All declared that they had until recently been most inveterate stutters or stammerers. The doctor's question suggested an interesting train of thought. The reporter put the same question to each of the patients in turn. "When I was about 5 years of age," said number one, "I commenced to stutter a little. Then we moved to a strange place and I went to school. I was very different, and the teacher attempted to force me to read and recite. The scholars laughed at me, I became more diffident, and soon the habit was fixed on me."

"I am his brother," said number two. "I learned it of him." "When I was young," said number three, "I used to play all the time with another boy who was a horrible stutterer, and I learned it of him. Whenever I was out with the boys and didn't think of it I would sometimes find myself talking all right, but as soon as I thought about it I would commence again. My little brother afterward learned it of me."

Number four said he learned the habit from another boy, but would have conquered it had not his teachers forced him to read and recite, at which times he became so nervous as to lose all control of himself. All had acquired the habit at the age of 6 or 7.

OF A NERVOUS NATURE.

"That accords with the most of my experience," said the doctor, "these impediments of speech are for the most part of a nervous nature. Lack of will power, the telegraphic system of the body out of order, imperfect connection between the brain and muscles of speech. All this trouble sometimes arises from sudden fright. One patient of mine, a young lady, was slightly seized with stammering at the time of the great fire. Afterward she saw a cow catch a little girl on its horns. She was paralyzed with fright, unable to scream or move. The animal tossed the child into the air. She rushed to the spot and the child was fatally injured. After that the lady was a bad case of confirmed stammering."

"One of the worst cases I ever had was that of a young man. When he was a boy of 6 or 7 years of age his father threatened, if he committed a certain offense, to throw him into the well. The boy committed the offense, and his father held him for a moment over the well head downward. From that time on the boy could not talk plainly. Many children acquire this malady in infancy, just as they are beginning to talk. Their parents or nurses tickle them, sometimes on the bottoms of the feet, thinking the loud laughter thus excited amusing. The 'papa' which the little ones cry out at such times is the first inception of the habit of stammering."

The doctor is a jolly fellow, of fine physique and great personal magnetism, with the voice and laugh of a lion; if a lion can be imagined as laughing. In training his class he commences, in the most natural way in the world, to talk of all sorts of interesting subjects, and soon an infection of good feeling seizes all present. He roars out his words with such force and fluency from the depths of his immense lungs that talking seems the easiest thing in the world. Occasionally, a remark is addressed to some member of the class in a conversational sort of way, and before they know it everybody seems to be able to talk. Occasionally he goes the rounds of the class with various vocal exercises for the development of certain muscles.

SOME OF THE EXERCISES.

Here are a few of the exercises. Some ministers and actors would do well to practice them:

"Amos Ames, the amiable aeronaut, aided in an aerial enterprise at the age of 88."

"Obtain all opportunities of obliterating obnoxious ostentations."

"Henry Hingham has hung his harp on the hook where he hitherto hung his hopes." What a nut for a Cockney to crack.

"I like white vinegar with real very well."

"She sells sea shells, Shall he sell sea shells?"

"Quixote Quixite quizzed a queerish quidbox. Where is the queerish quidbox Quixote quizzed?"

When the pupils can recite these sentences and a hundred or so similar ones fluently they are graduated.

A clear cut, elegant and fluent utterance is one of the greatest graces with which a person can be gifted. It tells almost the whole story of one's birth, early training and associations. The different kinds of faulty elocution are known as stuttering, stammering, hesitancy, lisping, exhausted breath, nasal sound and improper articulation. Many people fall under so complete a list as this, who in some instances could improve their utterance by a little private practice and attention to the matter.

A stutterer has the most difficulty in uttering lingual sounds such as words beginning with L, while the stammerer stumbles over the labial sounds of which words beginning with B are an example. Both habits are accompanied with facial distortion, and sometimes with a writhing or twitching of the whole body. That these are nervous affections is shown by the devices resorted to to get over some difficult letter or sound, as snapping the finger or stamping the foot. "I shut my finger tight," said a stammerer, "and the electricity runs up my arm and lets the sound come out." At the letter C he drove the finger nails clear into the palm of his hands.

Man's thought lasts longer than man's deed.

On An Intaglio Head of Minerva.

The cunning hand that carved this face
A little helmeted Minerva—
The hand, I say, ere Pallas wrought,
Had lost its subtle skill and fervor.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad,
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?
Perchance he shaped this dainty head
For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

But he is dust; we may not know
His happy or unhappy story;
Nameless and dead these thousand years,
His work outlives him—there's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth
Beneath a lava-buried city;
The thousand summers came and went,
With neither haste nor hate nor pity.

The years wiped out the man, but left
The jewel fresh as any blossom,
Till some visaged dug it up—
To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!

O Roman brother! see how time
Your graceful handiwork has guarded,
See how your loving, patient art
Has come, at last, to be rewarded!

Who would not suffer slights of men,
And pause of hopeless passion also,
To have this carved agate-stone
On such a bosom rise and fall so!

THE EMMA-JANE VERBENA.

Mrs. Pease was fond of flowers. She liked them in masses in a cracked white pitcher, and she admired what she called a "wet bouquet"—such as her son Orrin carried on Sunday evenings to his sweetheart, Miss Abby Swift, over in the "Center." Best of all she loved them growing in her garden.

The garden was a tangle of color and sweetness. Roses crowded up against the little brown house, and peeped boldly in at the windows. Morning-glories climbed to the low roof. Petunias and mignonette flourished in their humble way; and tiger-lilies, sweet peas, phlox and hollyhocks mingled with cockscomb, Canterbury bells, nasturtiums and poppies in gay confusion.

Mrs. Pease spent hours over them, weeding, training, clipping and watering unweariedly. Her bent figure moved lovingly about the narrow paths, hanging patiently over the brilliant beds. The flowers repaid her in many ways. They filled the air with sweetness, they seemed to smile and nod to her through storm and sunshine, they seemed quite human in their silent grace. She called them all by name, often in grateful memory of some friend, generally for the giver of the plant or precious slip from which the blossoms sprang so thriftily.

Her son, too, felt an interest in the garden. He shared his pride in the lusty roses and geraniums, he liked to see his mother's sun-bonnet bobbing among the bushes, or bending intently to the ground. He was interested in the welfare of the "Liddy Ann pink," and solicitous as to the growth of the "Amardy chrysanthemum."

"I do declare," said Mrs. Pease, one summer evening, "that Martha Lily does look dreadful peaked, just like the Ponds. I kinder hated to call it after one of 'em, but I see she was goin' to feel badly if I didn't, and so I did. Now look at it, all yellor and droppin'. Seems as if there was a sort of sympathy between 'em."

Orrin was a youth of few words. He looked interested, but said nothing.

"There's that, Betsey peony," continued his mother, walking slowly down the path, "how it does grow! Great, strappin' thing. Every time I look at it, a standin' up so peart and sassy, I think of Betsey Bangs in her red jersey."

"How's the verberna, mother?" said Orrin.

"The Emma-Jane?" said Mrs. Pease, stooping over a plan whose little fingers, spread in all directions, promised to cover a large space with pure blossoms. "It's a growin' beautiful," and she sighed.

Her son looked serious for a moment, then straightened up to his full height of six feet, a handsome, stalwart young fellow in his shirt sleeves, with his sun-burned face freshly shaved.

"I guess I'll go over to the Center," he said.

"So soon!" exclaimed his mother with a wistful look.

He went into the house silently; and the good woman picking a dead cinnamon rose to pieces, said in a low voice, "I hope to mercy she'll be good enough for him, and not one of your flighty kind. I s'pose she'll like a bouquet." And then with care, if not with skill, the kind soul gathered a large bunch of the different flowers and wrapped a bit of newspaper around their stems.

When Orrin appeared in his best clothes, he thanked her warmly, picked a blossom of the white verberna for his buttonhole, and blithely strode away. She watched him through the dusk as long as she could see. He and the flowers were all she had to love; sometimes it was hard to have him leave her of an evening—hard to know that a fair face had such power to win him from the devotion and companionship of years.

"He's better than the common run," she thought with pride, "more quiet behaved and faithful. He's been a good son to me. He's been a dreadful indulgent husband. If she ain't good to him—"

She turned away from the grate and shook her head as if words failed to express her feelings. At each side of the path the blossoms leaned towards her, filling the air with their sweet breath, as if reminding her: "We are always here. We never leave you."

"No more you do," said the simple woman, understanding them. And then she picked a bit of the white verberna.

"Sweet creature," she whispered, "jest as innocent and sweet as Emma Jane herself."

Meanwhile, through the scented evening walked Orrin with his big bouquet. His honest heart was full of tender anticipations. Would she be out in the yard, watching—watching for him? Would she smile with the look in her eyes he loved to see there? Or would she be unaccountably shy and cool, seem surprised to see him, and take his offering indifferently? There was no telling about girls. Somehow he fancied that his mother had always been straightforward and easy to understand.

Abby was different, all spirit and change, one minute wild with merriment; the next, quiet, inscrutable, "mad," perhaps.

"I'll take more than a garden to satisfy her, I guess," he thought, half amused, half tender. "God bless her!" he added reverently.

She was watching for him, with all her soul in her great dark eyes. She was thinking, with a pang, how late he was; then a fear flashed over her—perhaps he might not come at all! Suddenly her heart leaped; a dimness clouded her sight. She tried to still, with one hand, that beating in her breast. He was coming! Ah, she would know him among ten thousand, with his broad shoulders, and his springing step. She learned against the window frame, and watched him with kindling eyes.

When he opened the gate she was in the kitchen; by the time he reached the door she had gained the woodshed. Deacon Swift answered his knock.

"Good evenin'," he said politely.

"Good evenin'," said Orrin. "Is Abby at home?"

"Guess likely. Step in." And the Deacon opened the parlor door invitingly.

Orrin walked in over the rag-carpeted "entry" into the dark and sacred "best room." An indescribable odor, musty, herby, close, pervaded it, an odor, peculiar to New England village parlors. The haircloth chairs and sofa stood stiffly on the red and yellow grain covering of the floor; the marble-topped center table bore a lamp and a few cherished books; the mantelpiece was loaded with shells, daguerotypes and wax flowers. A row of family photographs and a wedding certificate in a black walnut frame adorned the walls, and green paper shades covered the windows. The deacon tied up one of them, saying,

"The wimmen folks hain't ben in here lately, I guess, to judge from appearances." Then he went into the passage and called.

"Abby! Abby!"

Abby appeared, demure and calm.

"Good evenin', Orrin," she said; "nice evenin'."

"Yes, I walked over, seen' 'twas so pleasant. I've brought you some flowers, Abby."

"O, ain't they pretty! Your mother does have the handsomest flowers of any one I know," she said so admiringly that her lover blushed with pleasure.

"I'm glad you like 'em, Abby."

"How is your mother?" she next asked him, as she put her bouquet in a china vase painted with red and yellow roses.

"She's well," he replied, watching her lift the vase to its place on the whatnot.

"That's too heavy for you," he cried, jumping up and trying to help her.

They stood close together. He could see the flus' deepening on her soft cheek; he could almost touch the little ring of hair about her pretty ear; how long her eye-lashes were! They both held the vase. Above the flowers he gazed at her.

"Abby, look up," he whispered.

A tremulous smile hovered about her red lips, as she bit them angrily, and turned her head away.

"Abby, dear, look at me." And he put one hand over hers as it rested on the gay china. She tore it away. His grasp on the vase loosened; down it fell, dashing to a hundred pieces on the floor. He was kneeling in a moment picking them up, and she was beside him. They gathered all silently, and laid them on the table.

Then they looked at each other. His eyes were full of mischief. Hers brimming with tears—the shock, the reaction, something, she knew not what, had brought them there.

Instantly his arm was around her. He said some inarticulate words; then kissed her gently on her forehead, where the pretty locks were parted—for Abby didn't wear a bang.

"Don't cry," he whispered. "I'll buy you a dozen chintz vases. I'd give you all the world, Abby, if I could."

The tears were rolling fast down her round cheeks now.

"Will you come and live in the little house with me, Abby? Will you be my wife? Say, Abby, will you?"

As he stooped to hear her answer the white flower in his coat fell out. It smote the girl's heart, then dropped to the carpet. She stooped and tied it without a word, raised her shy, happy eyes to his, then kissed the little blossom tenderly.

"Oh, don't, Abby, don't do that. 'Twas Emma Jane's you see. Somehow I don't like you to—"

"Emma Jane's!" she said slowly, with the radiance dying from her eyes.

"Yes, I think a heap of it for her sake, you know; but—"

And at this moment Mrs. Swift walked in with civil greetings.

"Good evenin', Orrin. All well to your house, I hope?"

He went home slowly with a puzzled expression upon his manly face. "I could 'a' swore she almost took me," was his thought. "What was it changed her so all in a minute? What could it 'a' been?"

The summer glowed and deepened. It reached its height—then waned.

The birds carolled madly in the elm trees—by August they had changed their song. The crickets piped with ominous distinctness through the long hot afternoons. The locust uttered its heartless shrill cry from the stone wall and hedge. A sense of sadness and of change lay on the hills and pastures.

In Orrin's heart winter had come already. His mother now had no need to complain of his leaving her alone. He was more silent than ever; and she tried to cheer him up in every way she knew. She made as many different kinds of pies as possible—lemon, custard, berry and apple. She even concocted an imitation mince turnover—knowing his fondness for the real thing—but it was useless. He tasted them all with an absent look in his blue eyes, pushed away his plate and sighed.

"It does beat all," she concluded. "I've done my best. Doughnuts won't rouse him up, and blackberry puddin' hain't no effect. 'I'll try a huckleberry shortcake."

So she put on a pink calico sunbonnet, hung a two-quart tin pail over her arm, and started for the berry pasture.

"I'll go to Deacon Swift's patch first," she decided. "The best and sweetest always grow there."

In the field the sun lay warm on sweet fern and on vines. A scent, born of ripening fruit, and wildwood green things basking in the warmth, filled the air. The apple trees stood each in a little "pool of shade." The summer's spicy breeze swept over weeds and grasses with a languid sigh of pleasure. Mrs. Pease bent above the loaded bushes, a patient, homely figure. The hard, black huckleberries rattled like hail into the tin receptacle, and while her fingers moved, she thought.

"Taint much use after all. That Abby Swift, she's at the bottom of it with her triflin' ways. I'd like to give her a piece of my mind."

With the thought a shadow fell across the grass, and a slim young figure stood beside her, a girl in a white sun bonnet and a black gingham gown, a girl unmistakably erect and trim. The pink and white bonnets confronted each other, two kindly dim eyes peered from the one, two sorrowful dark ones from the other.

Mrs. Pease had turned with anger in her heart; when she saw the girl's pale cheeks and altered look, she softened.

"Why, Abby, child, for the land's sake, where did you drop from?"

"I come down to pick berries for tea."

"How's your mother?" and the good woman put on her spectacles for a closer look at her companion.

"She's tolerable well," said Abby listlessly.

"Father well?" continued Mrs. Pease, regarding the girl sharply.

"Pretty well."

"And how are you, child? Seems to me you ain't a-lookin' very peart."

"I'm all right," said Miss Swift promptly. "Huckleberries plenty this year," she added.

"Orrin ain't right well just now," said the old lady after a pause.

The girl's hand trembled; half the berries she held fell on the ground.

"What's the matter with him?" she said in a low voice. "I hain't seen him lately," she added defiantly.

"No, I know you hain't," said Mrs. Pease with decision. "Whose fault is't?"

"Taint mine," said Abby, twitching a bush toward her.

"Taint his I know for certain," said the mother, rattling her tin pail.

"He's the most sot in his feelings of anybody I ever see. There ain't no change in him. The gal that gets Orrin Pease'll get a dreadful good husband. And the gal that trifles with him 'ill live to repent it. He ain't one to take off an' on like an old shoe. I can tell you, Abby Swift; and the time may come when he can't be got back no ways."

"Who wants him back?" cried Abby, her face in a blaze. "Not I, for one," and she burst into tears. Between her sobs she managed to say, "You think—hain't the triflin'—kind. I know—better. He's been—a-keepin' company with me—and all—the time—he—cares—for—another—girl. He's good's—so!"

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed Mrs. Pease, nearly dropping her pail. "I hain't never heard of no such a girl. What be you a-thinkin' of, Abby Swift? It's you, and nobody else, he's been a-follerin' after these two years. Efever a man was dead sot on havin' a gal, and that gal you, it's my Orrin. Way, he'll settle just to see your pa's old white horse a-comin' down the road—he's fairly tickled to death to see that critter amblin' along. There, child, for the land's sake don't get no such foolish notion in your head. Only be good to him—I beg and pray of ye to be good to him. He's dreadful tender-hearted and faithful, Orrin is; and the old lady put her worn, thin hand on the girl's shoulder, and looked at her beseechingly.

With a cry Abby flung her arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Good to him!" she said brokenly. "O Lord, good to him!" and then she turned and fled as fast as she could go.

At 6 o'clock the huckleberry shortcake lay smoking, and liberally sprinkled with sugar on Mrs. Pease's tea table. Orrin helped his mother to a large slice. As he handed it to her she said,

"I picked them berries over in Deacon Swift's pasture. Abby was there a-pickin' 'em."

Orrin looked up sharply. "Was she?" he said.

"She looks dreadful peaked," declared his mother.

"Sick, mother?"

"Yes, real sick. I don't know, Orrin, why she thinks so, but she's got an idea that there's another girl you're a-keepin' company with. I done my best to prove to her there warn't. I think likely you'd better kind of explain to her yourself."

"Another girl!" cried Orrin frowning.

"O mother!"

"There, eat your supper, and then go over to the Center. 'Taint best to let such things spile your appetite."

"Save my supper, mother, I'm off now."

"But, Orrin, a leetle more shortcake, do. Bless my heart, how dreadful foolish young folks is!"

The Swifts were all at table, the deacon, his wife, Abby, her brother and the hired man. They looked up surprised when Orrin knocked. There was no bouquet in his hand this time as he waited in the dim, close parlor. As Abby came slowly in he met her, a determined look on his face.

"Get your hat and take a walk with me," he said, gently, yet so firmly that she never thought of disobeying. Without another word they left the house, walked down the silent street past the few shut-up houses, and out to where there was space and solitude. Then he stopped and looked at her gravely.

"Tell me," he said, "did you think I ever cared for anyone but you?"

Her face dropped before his gaze. At last she nodded sadly.

"For heaven's sake, who?" he demanded.

"Emma Jane!" came the answer. There was a moment's silence between them.

"O Abby, he cried, "come and see Emma Jane with me. Come now."

The girl shrank away.

"No, no," she faltered. "I couldn't."

You wear her flowers. You think they're too fine for me. You—"

"Yes, I do love her flowers. I'll show you why I love them. Come," and he drew her hand through his arm and held it there.

Still she resisted him. He stopped short, clasping her reluctant hand firmly, and said in a voice that shook.

"I swear to you, my love, I've never cared for any girl but you, only just you, Abby."

"Then, why?"

"Come, trust me, and I'll show you why."

They walked along through the soft evening light. The hills lay bathed in sunset splendor; above them shone a strip of palest amber sky. Everything seemed strangely hushed and peaceful. Even the village graveyard wore a sweet, restful aspect as they passed through its gateway. Over the quiet sleepers the grass waved gently, field flowers nestled lovingly about the headstones, and wild strawberry vines clasped the graves with clinging fingers. In a distant corner a hemlock tree sighed above a little green bed, on whose small slab was

EMMA JANE.

AGED FOUR YEARS AND ONE MONTH.

Suffer little children to come unto me . . . for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

And over the tiny mound spread and wandered, like an exquisitely embroidered pall, the starry blossoms of a white verberna.

Orrin took off his hat and stood beside the grave. You see," he said in a low tone, "Emma Jane and me was great friends. I played with her. I made her boats and whistles. I took flowers to her when she was sick and dyin'. She'd hold 'em in her little hands and smile and thank me, poor little girl! She come to our house once when you was away to school—like enough you never heard about her. She warn't here long. Mother took care of her. She was my cousin. Lucy's child, left all alone without a home, and mother took her. We loved her like she'd been always with us. And we called the plant we've got to home the Emma-Jane verberna, cause she was fond of it."

Abby was crying softly. He put his arm around her.

"I thought," he said, "that night when you was a-kissin' the flower, 'twarn't a lucky thing for you to do, seen' she drooped and died so easy. It seemed as if 'twas a bad sign when we was makin' promises for life, my love."

The girl in her impulsive way sank down by the little grave. She flung her arm across it, and her tears fell fast on the white, radiant blossoms. Orrin knelt beside her, and tried to draw her toward him.

"We shan't never misunderstand each other again, Abby?" he whispered.

"No, Orrin, never!"

The Petersburg Crater.

Just as I arrived in rear of the First division the mine was sprung: It was a magnificent spectacle, and as the mass of earth went up into the air, carrying with it men, guns, carriages and timber, and spread out like an immense cloud as it reached its altitude, so close were the Union lines that the mass appeared as if it would descend immediately upon the troops waiting to make the charge. This caused them to break and scatter to the rear, and about ten minutes were consumed in reforming for the attack. Not much was lost by this delay, however, as it took nearly half an hour for the cloud of dust to pass. The order was then given for the advance. As no part of the Union line of breastworks had been removed (which would have been an arduous as well as a hazardous undertaking), the troops clambered over them as best as they could. This in itself broke the ranks, and they did not stop to reform, but pushed ahead toward the crater, about 130 yards distant, the debris from the explosion having covered up the abatis and the chevaux de frise in front of the enemy's works.

Little did those men anticipate what they would see upon arriving there; an enormous hole in the ground, about 30 feet deep, 50 feet wide and 170 feet long, filled with dust, filled with great blocks of clay, guns, broken carriages, projecting timbers and men buried in various ways—some up to their necks, others to their waists, and some with only their feet and legs protruding from the earth. One of these near me was pulled out, and he proved to be a second lieutenant of the battery which had been blown up. The fresh air revived him, and he was soon able to walk and talk. He was very grateful, and said that he was asleep when the explosion took place, and only awoke to find himself writhing in the air; then, a few seconds afterward, he felt himself descending, and soon lost consciousness.

It Didn't Work.

An old colored wreck recently limped into a certain bar room and requested the bartender to give him a trifle of corn juice. After turning out some three or four fingers he stood a few minutes before hiding it from sight, as if in deep thought. Finally he said:

"I've a right smart attack of gripe in my stomach and don't just figure that's going to get along well with it. Do you mind changing it for a bit of gin?"

The bartender replied that he wasn't in the habit of taking back goods in his line, but anything for business. The old man turned out his gin to the extent that a match would easily float off from the top and fall on the floor. After drinking he snatched his lips and started on his way.

"Hold on, Uncle," says the manipulator of stomach washes, "you didn't pay me for that gin."

"That's all right," said the old man. "I swapped the whiskey for the gin."

"Yes, but you didn't pay me for the whiskey," was the reply.

"Why the devil should I? I didn't take the whiskey."

There was some little chance for litigation, but the old gentleman was induced to compromise at 100 cents on the dollar.

There is time enough for everything in the course of a day, if you do but one thing at once.

FASHION NOTES.

—A new soft, flexible silk is among the novelties of the fall season.

—Plaids, associated with plain dress goods, retain their well-deserved popularity.

—Fur shoulder-capes, lace capes lined with plush or soft fur, are carried to throw about the shoulders.

—There is a gigantic effort making to fight against the coming short waists and full round skirts en attendant this odious revival.

—Elaborate costumes for children are no longer considered good form. The sensible English fashion now prevails among the best people.

—Few women can appropriately wear the hair in Greek style. To be in with the locks should be very abundant; secondly, the features should be classic in outline; and lastly, the face should be beautiful, or at least attractive enough to bear the test of this severe style of coiffure. And to band down the waves of hair (for full-dress occasions) with a fillet of velvet or silver is a style that is rarely becoming. The women of Greece adopted this fashion to keep in place their overabundant locks.

—Stringless bonnets and hats are fastened on the head with all sorts of ornamental pins, gold and silver-headed, and set with imitation and real jewels, cat's eyes, tiger's eyes, Cairngorm stones, or Scotch pebbles, and imitations of these and carnelian, coral, jet, ivory and other stones in celluloid and other substances. Some of these bonnet and coiffure pins are veritable works of art, representing not only balls and pear-shaped ornaments but swords, lances, spears and shields, and the heads of animals and birds.

—Large black foulard, dark green or puce surah cloaks are used for driving—a sort of cache-pousière is absolutely indispensable for mail-coaching parties. Sometimes they are shirred back and front under a velvet yoke, the latter coming down in points below the waist. A silken and gold girdle gathers in the folds loosely at the belt. Frequently there are no sleeves, just an arm-hole cut out and encircled with velvet. Sometimes the yoke is made of silken work embroidery, and a maid can vary the linings to suit the toilets or fancy of the wearer.

—Silk-warp French cashmeres in exquisitely fine qualities will compose one of the very fashionable dress fabrics of the coming season. Samples of new Parisian dyes and textures just forwarded to importers show exquisite shades of beige, golden bronze, heliotrope striped with white or silver, dark moss-green crossed with lines of Roman red, dark blue figured with silver, and many beautiful dyes in monochrome. For evening wear is a list of pale, delicate tints too numerous to refer to here, and also of new artistic hues never before seen and impossible to describe.

—In ladies' toilets light fabrics are being exchanged for thicker textures. The silks most in vogue this autumn are French faille and moire. The latter composes very elegant costumes which require but little trimming. They are made very simple, with semi-trained skirts, the front or side piece of which is covered with a panel of geometric design in lighter and darker shades combined. It has dark velvet collar and cuffs. It entirely covers the dress and fits the figure at the back, being cut in a point round which the fullness of the skirt is gathered. It has a hood lined with dark silk to match the velvet, and is loose in front. But the distinctive novelty is bell sleeves about twelve inches wide, bordered with velvet. A great comfort this, as the sleeves of the dress do not suffer by being too closely compressed, as was the case with fashionable ulsters for a while. A most excellent coat, which finds favor with American as well as English women, is made in dark blue beaver cloth, the seams as that used for men's best overcoats; it fits the figure exactly, and is full in the skirt, and handsomely braided in knots with tubular braid, having Astrakhan collar and cuffs and a strip down the front. It is a garment that would last for years, is equally fitted for town or country wear, and always looks well. The shape of coat which Mr. Dore has had the honor of making for the Princess Louise is also much in favor. It has a loose double front and a cape, is sufficiently long to cover the dress, and is made of the most durable materials. Another new mantle, made in thick self-colored indurated check cloth, shows a still more important change in sleeves; they start from the back seam, and are sufficiently wide and long for the points to reach to the hem. Many so-called circular cloaks are made in tartans, which are much the fashion now. This make rather supersedes the circulars, and can hardly be said to come under the same class. It fits at the back, is all round and develops the figure. Perhaps, however, there is no kind of serviceable wrap coat that is so generally appreciated as the Derby coat, with sling sleeves, made in good checked cloth. A new shape, in green bright-faced broadcloth, fits the figure back and front, and has long, hanging sleeves; so that, being trimmed with a beaver, it recalls the Polish dress somewhat.

HORSE NOTES.

—Majolica (2.15) has been fired and blistered on the right foreleg.

—Sunrise Patchen, owned by Dr. Day, is suffering from pinkie.

—L. E. Herr, son of Dr. L. Herr, the well-known breeder of trotting stock died at his home, near Lexington, Ky.

—Harry Wilkes and Atlantic are under engagement to trot at Dallas, Tex. Both horses went from St. Louis to Kansas City.

—It is said that Mike Wilkes (2.15), Gossip, Jr. (2.14), Rosaline Wilkes (2.18), and Harry Wilkes (2.13) will winter in California.

—John McClelland, the trainer of E. J. Baldwin's Santa Anita stable, is seriously ill at Brooklyn with malarial fever.

—D. A. Honig has purchased of R. W. Walton the br. f. Omaha, 2 years, by Tom Ochiltree, dam Jenny McKinney, by Planet, for \$3000.

—Messrs. Gray & Co., have purchased of P. Corrigan, for \$2500, the b. c. Free Knight, 4 years, by Len Broeck, dam Belle Knight by Knighthood.

—At Indianapolis, Ind., an association has been formed, with a capital of \$75,000, for the purpose of building a mile track north of the city, and having it ready for racing next season.

—It has become a sharp practice among jockeys to intentionally get left at the post for the purpose of affecting the betting in subsequent races in which the same horse has been entered.

—Samuel Coleson, of Montreal, P. Q., has bought from Angus Sinclair, Esq., of Roslyn Stock Farm, Chatham, Ont., the chestnut colt Wilkes Chief, by Red Wilkes, dam Maud Muller by Clark Chief.

—The American Jockey Club has removed the ban against M. J. Daly racing at Jerome Park, the latter having satisfied the stewards that the running of Neptunus at Clifton was without his knowledge or sanction.

—The morning after his race for the Grand National handicap Euruss was seized with one of the most violent fits of colic ever seen. The horse rolled around like mad, suffering the greatest agonies, and at one time he thought he would die.

—The great little horse Jack of Hearts, that was sold early in the year to a breeding company of Canada, died shortly after his arrival at the North-western ranch. He was a bay, foaled 1878; got by imported Ill-Used, dam imported Nellie James.

—R. Tucker purchased Monocrat from a selling race at Louisville, paying for him a little over \$1800. Since then the new owner has won the horse out three times over, as he captured no less than four races, having backed the horse each time to win a good round sum.

—The Bard has been shipped from Jerome Park to his home at Chesterbrook, and will be jogged during the winter. He has recovered completely from his recent illness so far as can be ascertained, and will be trained next season, as Mr. Huggins says he has no reason to think the horse has been permanently injured, and the attempt will be made at all events.

—Previous to her winning the selling race at Jerome Park, Ed Garrison purchased the filly Nellie Van, 4 years, by Enquirer—Orphan Girl, for \$1200; but when she was put up for sale he had to pay \$1850 to retain her, Mr. Jennings, the owner of Armstrong, who ran second, bidding her up. As she was entered to be sold for \$1800 she cost Garrison \$2150.

—W. H. Hamilton made a bet of \$100 that his bay mare Western Belle would beat her record (2.25) by one second. John Murphy drove between heats during the New York meeting; and she trotted the mile in 2.24; and won the wager. This is now her record. The mare has shown more miles over Fleetwood track in better than 2.30 than any other mare gelding or horse started there.

—T. J. Middagh, owner of Myrtella G. and other well-known trotters, was thrown from his sulky during the recent Port Royal, Pa., meeting and had both legs broken. Mr. Middagh will be unable to get out for some time, and, having a stable of horses on his hands, has concluded to dispose of them. The lot comprises the chestnut mare Myrtella G., 2.28; the black gelding Dick Organ, 2.34; the roan mare Kitty Wood, 2.24; the roan mare Blanche, 2.30; the bay gelding Mack, 2.34, and the roan mare Etta.

—The accident to Fred, Littlefield, the young jockey who fell from Rupert at the post in the race for the Manhattan handicap at Jerome Park, was very serious. The horse stumbled at the start and fell on his head, throwing Littlefield, who was picked up unconscious, and although no bones were broken, the lad did not recover his senses for forty-eight hours, and whether he is injured internally time alone can tell. Just how the stumble occurred no one can tell. Donohue's fall from Rupert on the 11th was a singular coincidence, following so close upon the same horse throwing Littlefield. But, unlike the latter case, Donohue was thrown just as he entered the stretch in the run home. The horse was suddenly thrown, and Donohue was pitched headlong breaking his collar bone. He says it was caused by some of the other horses closing in upon him. Donohue has certainly some reason to complain at fate, for he has had more accidents than has fallen to the fate of any jockey in America. Only a year ago he received a broken leg and other injuries at Brooklyn that kept him out of the saddles for a long time.

—Small, short curls are again worn on the back hair, sometimes with a coil or a Psyche knot, and again forming all the back of the coiffure.

The French are experimenting with a new ride, designed for infantry use, which is said to discharge three projectiles at a time.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

CENTRE HALL, PA., October 27, 1887

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
J. ROSS THOMPSON.

FOR STATE TREASURER:
B. J. McGRANN.

Democratic County Ticket.

Associate Judge—JOHN GROVE.

Sheriff—JOHN NOLL.

Treasurer—JAMES KIMPORT.

Register—JOHN A. RUPP.

Recorder—W. GAYLER MORRISON.

Commissioners—(A. J. GRIEST,
M. S. FEIDLER.

Auditors—(H. A. McKEE,
W. A. KRISSE.

Democrats, by reading the *Gazette* you will find it has a few fishy fellows in our ranks who post it and secretly aid it in its lying course against our nominees.

Vote for Grist and Fiedler, for commissioners, and you have rest against getting a new \$100,000 court-house for three years at least. A new and expensive court-house is a pet scheme of the rads.

A new court-house, a new court-house, every thing for a new court-house, is the song of the radical bosses of this county. The way to head off that kind of fancy and expensive job is to vote for Grist and Fiedler.

The governor in refusing to call an extra session of assembly to pass the stranded revenue bill, has caused the state to loose one million dollars, and the county of Centre \$7000. Vote the Democratic ticket in November.

No true K. of L. will allow himself to be bamboozled into voting for Cook, for sheriff, on the ground that he has joined that organization. Such an attempt is an insult to the order and to every individual member of it. As a real man of labor Noll towers as high above Cook as a church steeple does over a mullen stalk.

SANDERS REFUTES COOPER.

THE SALOON KEEPER AND ANARCHISTS HAVE NOT CONTRIBUTED TO THE DEMOCRATIC ORGANIZATION.

Philadelphia, Oct. 18, 1887. To the people of Pennsylvania: A circular published in to-day's Philadelphia Times from Mr. Cooper, chairman of the Republican State committee, states that the saloon-keepers and Anarchists of Pennsylvania have raised a corruption fund of \$200,000, "which is being used through and by the Democratic organization."

The Democratic organization has not been offered, has not received and will not receive one dollar from any association, organization or otherwise in aid of any of its candidates, except from individual members of its own party. Mr. Cooper has been misinformed, imposed upon, or deliberately falsifies when he makes such a statement. Mr. Cooper's visible fears for the State and city tickets are not an excuse for such an unfounded charge.

DALAS SANDERS, Chairman Democratic State Committee; ROBERT S. PATTERSON, Chairman Democratic City Committee Philadelphia.

A SORRY LEGISLATIVE RECORD.

If any one will take the trouble to examine the record of the Legislature of Pennsylvania at its last session, the fact will soon be discovered how thoroughly it was controlled by Quay, Cooper and their associates. The Harrisburg *Patriot* goes into an exhaustive recital of its sins of omission and commission, which may be thus briefly summarized:

It passed the magistrates bill against the wishes of the people of Philadelphia; the same measure was vetoed by Governor Pattison.

It increased the salaries of the Deputy Attorney General, Deputy Secretary of Internal Affairs; created new offices in these departments and added new employees. Governor Pattison declined to do this in his administration in the interest of the tax payers and against the wishes of the machine.

It created six new judgeships without adequate warrant and placed the burden of paying them their salaries upon a people already very highly taxed.

It gave extra legislative salaries without just warrant; the same measure was returned by Governor Pattison without his approval.

In its total appropriations of more than \$11,000,000, there were \$87,500 given to institutions not strictly State in their character.

In attempting to clothe the Republican party with a control of the railroad transportation of the State and of its liquor interests by the creation of commissions; both schemes, however failed.

It defeated the Billingsley pipe line bill in the interest of the Standard Oil Company and against the earnest protest of the small producers in the oil regions.

It permitted the revenue bill, which proposed to divert a large share of state tax to go into county treasuries, to fail, through a blunder, or crime.

Is it not a sorry record? Let the people give the Republican machine of the State a merited rebuke by the election of the Democratic candidates, who are without fear and without reproach.

SOCIALISTS OF LONDON.

Disgraceful Scene at Westminster Abbey During Divine Service.

LONDON, Oct. 24.—Several thousand of the unemployed, with a red flag at their head, marched in procession yesterday afternoon from Trafalgar square to Westminster abbey, and, although no invitation had been extended, 1,300 of the crowd were admitted.

The flag was left in charge of the Voragers. Inside the abbey many of the unemployed visitors remained covered, and indulged in whistling, while others mounted the pedestals of the various statues, or mingled with the people present, who for the most part left the building.

The crowd as a rule chewed tobacco, and expectorated everywhere regardless of the surroundings until the first lesson was announced, when the rowing was loudly feared, completely drowning his voice.

The second lesson was similarly received. Canon Prothero then preached a sermon taking for his text Romans, chapter xii, verse 1. In his discourse he argued that the punishment of the law breakers was necessary for the good of the community. This was received with cries of "Oh!" "Oh!" and "Hush!"

The preacher earnestly appealed for order, and exhorted his hearers to try and uproot evil and plant good instead. "That's what we are going to do," was shouted, and received with cries of "Hear, hear," and cheers.

Canon Prothero now threw his notes aside and addressed himself to the roughs. He said: "Legislation could alone provide a remedy for hunger and suffering, but everybody could express sympathy." [Loud laughter, followed by a voice, "That's all we shall get."] Canon Prothero continued: "Charitable agencies might do much—[A voice—We don't want charity, we want work.] The reverend gentlemen enlisted the attention of the mob when he advocated state assistance in times of distress.

At the close of his remarks the mob hissed and marched out of the abbey, cordially cheered by their comrades in waiting outside. The whole then proceeded, shouting and hooting to Trafalgar square, where the leaders denounced the church and police. Several arrests were made of brawling persons and thieves.

SEVERE WORDS FROM A PULPIT.

A Baltimore Clergyman Asks Christians to Vote Against Political Corruption.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 24.—Several prominent ministers of this city yesterday made purity of elections their pulpithemes. Rev. D. T. Phillips, of the Broadway Baptist church, said:

"Every Christian man has a duty to perform at the polls next Wednesday. As ministers and churches we have held aloof too much from politics. We have kept away from the primaries and even the polls, fearing contamination. The result is we have relegated the sacred trust committed to our care into the hands of unscrupulous men and unconscionable demagogues, machine politicians and bloated ruffians. Do not be led by the nose by as vile a horde of political demagogues as ever lived. Act like men, not like cattle."

"Let not the political butchers lead you like sheep to the slaughter. God holds us responsible as citizens as well as Christians. Having once lifted the trumpet against these abominations it shall ring until my lips are dumb. I care not whether you are a republican or a democrat, or an independent or a prohibitionist, by God's help no silence of mine shall be construed as giving consent to put unworthy and wicked men in power. I want you, fellow citizens, to help to save our city from these reptiles that infest it."

The Anarchists and the Supreme Court. WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—The United States supreme court Saturday decided to bear further argument upon the application for a writ of error in the case of the Chicago anarchists and has set the hearing for Thursday next, at noon. The court has also decided to allow the state of Illinois to appear in these proceedings and has notified Attorney General Hunt to be present and make argument in behalf of the state in opposition to the petition for a writ of error. A further order in the case will be made when the court reassembles to-day.

Murdered His Child.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 23.—Dan Little, a farmer living near Randolph, has been arrested charged with infanticide. A daughter was born to him one day last week. The child has not been seen since the day of its birth. Little stubbornly refuses to tell where it is. One of the neighbors sworn at the examination that he overheard him tell his wife that if it was buried in a certain box no one would be the wiser for it. The examination is still in progress.

The Behring Sea Seizures.

OTTAWA, Oct. 24.—It is believed here that the reported rupture between Secretary Bayard and Attorney-General Garfield over the Behring sea seizures, and the former's tacit admission that the Canadian sealers were wrongfully seized, will enable the Dominion government to obtain compensation without difficulty.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—Money on Call 4 per cent.

BONDS. Closing. Closing. Yesterday. To-day. 4 1/2% 1891 reg. 104 1/2 105 4 1/2% 1891 con. 104 1/2 105 4 1/2% 1892 reg. 104 1/2 105 4 1/2% 1892 con. 104 1/2 105

STOCK MARKET.

THREE O'CLOCK.—The bear party made great resistance to-day to the upward movement of stocks; but London came in as a heavy buyer; and on this, with the manipulation of bull traders, and the covering of numerous shorts, a further advance was secured. The bond market was very strong.

CLOSING PRICES. Closing. Closing. Yesterday. To-day. Canadian Pacific. 129 1/2 130 Central Pac. & Q. 129 1/2 130 Del. & Hudson. 99 1/2 100 Del. Lack. & W. 125 1/2 126 Erie. 27 1/2 28 Lake Shore. 93 1/2 94 Louisville & Nash. 54 1/2 55 Mich. Central. 8 1/2 9 Missouri Pacific. 90 1/2 91 N. Y. & New Eng. 39 1/2 40 N. Y. Cent. & H. 7 1/2 8 Northwestern. 100 1/2 101 Oregon Navigation. 10 1/2 11 Pacific Mail. 35 1/2 36 Reading. 61 1/2 62 Rock Island. 115 116 St. Paul. 73 1/2 74 Union Pacific. 45 1/2 46 West Union Tel. 71 1/2 72

Butter—Market steady. Creamery—Eastern 23 cents; Western 22 1/2 cents. Eggs—Eastern 23 cents; Western 22 1/2 cents. Pork—Market steady. Fresh—Eastern 15 cents; Western 14 1/2 cents. Lard—Market steady. Factory—New York, 11 1/2 cents; Western 11 cents. Corn—Market steady. New York part steam, 6 cents; Western 5 1/2 cents. Pennsylvania skins, 10 cents; state skins, 8 1/2 cents. Eggs—Market steady. Fresh—Eastern 15 cents; Western 14 1/2 cents. Canadian, 15 cents; state, 14 1/2 cents.

WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of biliousness are too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, also, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but not for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try *Green's August Flower*, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

PRESBYTERIANS

Who do not take the Herald and Presbyterian, should

SEND

Five One-Cent Stamps FOR A Sample copy of that paper and a beautiful steel-engraved

Calendar for 1888

Size 4 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches. Or send names and addresses of ten or more Presbyterians of different families who do not now take the paper, and receive the Calendar and sample copy free. Send no money. Mention name of church and pastor, and say where you live. This Address: HERALD AND PRESBYTERIAN, 115 ELM STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

DEMOCRACY—VICTORY

1888. 1888.

A TWELVE-PAGE WEEKLY.

The Largest and Cheapest Democratic Paper in the Union for the Presidential Campaign of 1888.

PITTSBURG WEEKLY POST,
Twelve pages and 84 Columns of Interesting Reading Matter, covering the field of Politics, Literature, News and Markets.

ONE DOLLAR.

In Clubs of Five or Over.

10 Copies for \$10.00

And an Extra Copy FREE to the Getter Up of Every Club of Ten.

Single Subscription, \$1.25. ALL POSTAGE PREPAID.

The coming Presidential year will be one of the most important in the history of the Democratic party. THE WEEKLY POST will give the history of the year complete, week by week. It will be a year of great conventions, of great political activity in State and nation; of Presidential nomination of a tremendously active and aggressive Democratic campaign; and we believe of a glorious victory.

THE WEEKLY POST will give all the news. In its 12 pages and 84 columns will be found that careful variety of reading that interests the man of business, the farmer, the politician, the student, and pre-eminently the family and household circle.

THE POST,

PITTSBURG, PA.

TWO GOOD PAPERS.

The Weekly Chronicle Telegraph,

—\$1.00 a year, and—

The Centre Reporter,

\$1.50 a year.

The Weekly Chronicle Telegraph is an 8-page, 56-column paper, and contains choice Original Stories by best American authors; Fashion Notes and suggestions for the Household; by leading writers; Amusements for the Family Circle; Agricultural Notes, Latest Financial and Market Reports, General News and a choice selection of interesting reading for everybody.

Send a postal card to the Weekly Chronicle Telegraph, Pittsburgh, Pa., for a sample copy.

We will send the

CENTRE REPORTER

and the Weekly Chronicle Telegraph, to any address in the United States or Canada, for one year for \$2.00, in advance.

JOB WORK.

Having added to our stock of material we are ready to do poster work, at low rates; Sale bills, large 1/2 sheet \$1.25; and 1/4 sheet, \$1.00. All poster work in same proportion. Envelopes at \$1.75 per 1000. Bill heads and statements \$1.75 per 1000. Cash to accompany order.

NOTICE.

From date of this notice chop grists will be ground only on Tuesday and Friday of each week. In order to make sure, please have grists in by Monday and Thursday evening or early morning of next days.

Sept. 1, 1887. KURTZ & SON.

White and red wheat, rye, shelled corn and barley wanted at the Centre Hall Roller Mill—for which the highest market prices will be paid. Grain taken on storage.

Larger Than Ever!

FURNITURE EMPORIUM OF

W. R. CAMP, Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

Is now more complete than ever. Endless variety of

Chamber & Parlor Suits, Odd Pieces

I respectfully invite the people of Centre county to call and examine. In purchasing these goods I have taken great care in selection, and purchased the best for the money. My prices are in strict conformity with reliable goods. Our Store Room is full and is worth seeing even if you do not buy. We have an attractive line of Parlor Suits—of all the fashionable styles. Chamber Suits are equally attractive. They are in Walnut, Ash and Cherry. Besides goods enumerated above we have everything that can be found in a first class Furniture Store. Come and see our Stock.

W. R. Camp, Bishop St.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

H. K. HICKS & BRO.

H. K. HICKS & BRO.

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

—DEALERS IN—

Hardware,

Oils, Paints,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Remember the only agency for the SOUTH BRISTOL CHILLED IRONS.

We have the largest stock at the lowest prices of any store in our line of business in Centre county. Now that you have a Railroad through the valley and Telephone Connection direct to our store, it will more than pay you to order from us. We guarantee prompt shipments and the lowest prices for the best goods. When you can save money you will certainly take advantage of this opportunity.

H. K. HICKS & BRO.

Glass,

Iron,

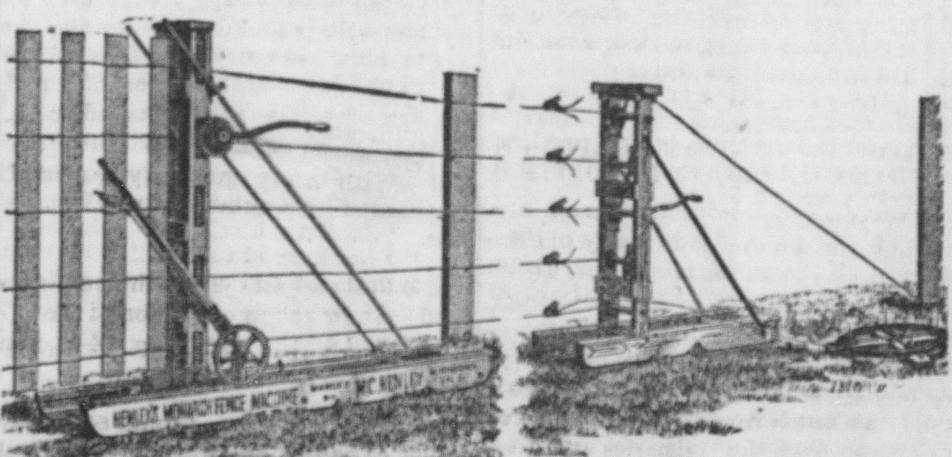
STOVES, STOVES, STOVES.

H. K. HICKS & BRO.

H. K. HICKS & BRO.

THE IMPROVED

Henly Monarch Fence Machine



COMMON SENSE REASONS WHY THE IMPROVED HENLY MONARCH FENCE MACHINE IS THE BEST AND HAS NO EQUAL.

- 1 Because the wire is stretched the full length of the field before the weaving is commenced.
- 2 Because any sized wire can be used, and either 2, 3, 4, or 5 double strands can be used, weaving all with equal facility.
- 3 Because any size, length, or style of picket, or slat, or board, can be used, weaving fancy iron pickets equally well and solid.
- 4 Because it will make a fence over rough and uneven ground, or up and down hill alike, making as good a fence as on even, level ground; and the machine being adjustable, the pickets are all woven plumb.
- 5 Because the Monarch machine stretches the wire tighter, thus making the strongest and best wire and picket fence.
- 6 Because any one, man or boy, can operate it, and there are no parts to get out of order and repair.
- 7 Because it is made of the best materials, and, with proper care, will last a life-time.
- 8 Because the price is within the reach of every farmer.
- 9 Because it is the only machine that forces the slat or picket firmly against the wire, thus securing the slat in such a solid and permanent manner that it cannot be pulled out, and breakage is impossible.
- 10 Because the fence made by this machine will turn all kinds of stock, and is much stronger than any barb wire fence, and completely obviates all danger of injury to stock.
- 11 Because by weaving past the post, and fastening the wire strands to the posts with staples, and not nailing the slats to posts, thus keeping the wood parts from coming in contact with each other, it will not hold the moisture or rot. This is a very important matter, as all boards in board fences soon rot off at post, and occasion continued expense for repair.
- 12 Because all kinds of old material can be used for making new fence.
- 13 Because it makes the handiest, best, strongest, and most durable fence, and is the only first-class, practical fence machine in the world.

For prices of machines, fence material, or territory address.

SHIRES & KENNEDY, CENTRE HALL, PA.

Manufacturers Agents for Pennsylvania and New York.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

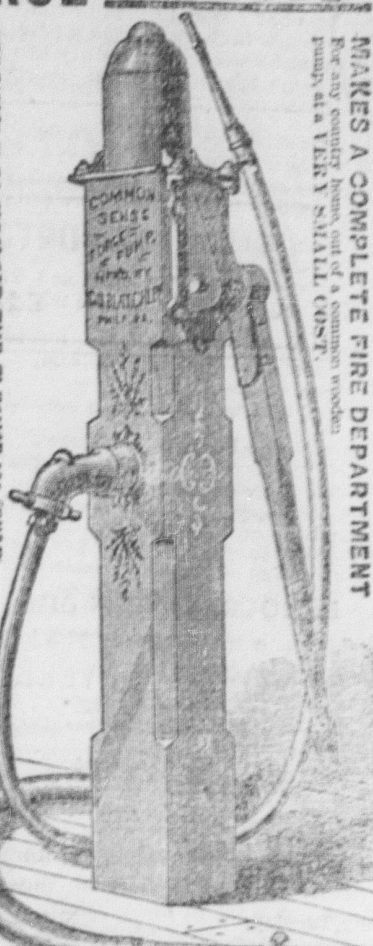
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Without injurious medication.

THE CENTRE COMPANY, 123 Fulton Street, N. Y.

THE COMMON SENSE LIFT AND FORCE PUMP

WORTH FIFTY TIMES ITS COST
If you need it to put out a fire, and extremely handy for lots of other things.
Ready for action in ONE EIGHTH OF A MINUTE.



Enterprising business men who will give it proper attention, are wanted to handle this pump in every town in Pa., N. J., Md., Del., Va., and D. C., and to secure control of suitable territory not already occupied.

CHARLES G. BLATCHLEY

MANUFACTURER of all sizes and styles of WOOD PUMPS.

Office: 25 N. E. City Hall Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Opp. Broad St. Station P. R. R. Philadelphia, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—from and after Jan. 30, 1888

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia 11:25 p.m.

Jersey Shore 1:30 a.m.

Harrisburg 3:30 a.m.

Montandon 5:30 a.m.

Williamsport 7:30 a.m.

Scranton 9:30 a.m.

Lock Haven 11:30 a.m.

Renovo 1:30 p.m.

at Erie 3:30 p.m.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves Philadelphia 4:30 a.m.

Harrisburg 6:30 a.m.

Montandon 8:30 a.m.

Williamsport 10:30 a.m.

Scranton 12:30 p.m.

Lock Haven 2:30 p.m.

Renovo 4:30 p.m.

at Erie 6:30 p.m.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves Philadelphia 11:25 p.m.

Harrisburg 1:30 a.m.

Montandon 3:30 a.m.

Williamsport 5:30 a.m.

Scranton 7:30 a.m.

Lock Haven 9:30 a.m.

Renovo 11:30 a.m.

at Erie 1:30 p.m.

AST LINE leaves Philadelphia 11:25 p.m.

Harrisburg 1:30 a.m.

Montandon 3:30 a.m.

Williamsport 5:30 a.m.

Scranton 7:30 a.m.

Lock Haven 9:30 a.m.

Renovo 11:30 a.m.

at Erie 1:30 p.m.

SUNDAY MAIL leaves Philadelphia 4:30 a.m.

Harrisburg 6:30 a.m.

Montandon 8:30 a.m.

Williamsport 10:30 a.m.

Scranton 12:30 p.m.

Lock Haven 2:30 p.m.

Renovo 4:30 p.m.

at Erie 6:30 p.m.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves Lock Haven 7:05 a.m.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, W. Miles Walker, High Sheriff of the County of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in said county of Centre, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1887, (being the Tuesday next following the first Monday in November) at which time the following officers will be elected, to wit:

One person for the office of Supreme Judge of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.
One person for the office of State Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.
One person for the office of Associate Judge for the county of Centre.
One person for the office of Sheriff for the county of Centre.
One person for the office of Treasurer for the county of Centre.
One person for the office of Register for the county of Centre.
One person for the office of Recorder for the county of Centre.
Three persons for the offices of Commissioners for the county of Centre.
Three persons for the offices of Auditors for the county of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several boroughs and townships within the county of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Centre, at the public house of Thomas Edmunds, at Aaronsburg, west precinct.
Haines township, east precinct, at the school house in Woodward.
For the township of Halltown, at the school house in Stormont.
For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for that purpose on the property of Leonard Merriam.

For the borough of Centre Hall in the school house in said borough.
For the township of Potter, north precinct, at the public house of D. J. Meyer in Centre Hall.
For the township of Potter, south precinct, at the public house of S. D. Baker in Centre Hall.
For the township of Gregg, northern precinct, at Murrys school house.
For the township of Gregg, southern precinct, at the public house owned by J. B. Fisher, of Penn Hall.

For the township of College at the school house at Lemont.
For the township of Ferguson, old precinct, in the school house at Pine Grove.
For the township of Ferguson, new precinct, in the school house at Fairview.
For the township of Harris in the school house at Bainsburg.

For the township of Patton at the house of Peter Murray.
For the township of Bellefonte, old precinct, in the school house at Pine Grove.
For the township of Bellefonte, new precinct, in the school house at Bellefonte.
For the township of Harris in the school house at Bainsburg.

For the township of Patton at the house of Peter Murray.
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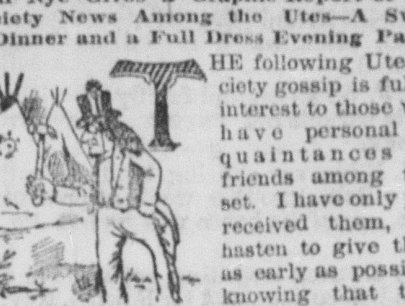
For the township of Patton at the house of Peter Murray.
For the township of Bellefonte, old precinct, in the school house at Pine Grove.
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AMONG THE ABORIGINES.

Bill Nye Gives a Graphic Report of Society News Among the Utes-A Swell Dinner and a Full Dress Evening Party.



HE following Ute society news is full of interest to those who have personal acquaintances and friends among that set. I have only just received them, and hasten to give them as early as possible, knowing that the readers of the World will all feel an interest in what is going on in and about the reservation.

The season at White River will be unusually gay this winter, and soon there will be one continuous round of hilarity, indignation, mirth, and social hatred. Red Horse, the smoke-tanned horse-fiddle maestro, will play and call off again this winter for Germans, grub dances and jack-rabbit gorges as usual.

The Ouray War Club will give a series of hops in November under the auspices, and in December it will hold two Germans. In going through these Germans no favors will be shown by the club.

Mr. and Mrs. Mexican-Hairless-Dog-upon-whom-there-are-no-Flies have been spending the summer at their delightful home near White River. They have just returned for the winter, beautifully bronzed by the elements, and report one of the most exhilarating outbreaks they ever were to.

Loop-Ear-Son-of-the-Cyclone received a cablegram last week, on his return from the war-path, offering him a princely salary to come to London and assist in robbing the Deadwood coach. He says the legitimate drama is certainly making wonderful strides. He has heard the American Opera Company in "Nero," and says that no one who has lived on the reservation all his life can have any idea of the strides that are being made on the stage. He has not decided whether to accept the offer or not, but says that if the stage is going to rob the Indians he will stage assist at any price. He says he knows what it is to suffer for clothes himself.

The members of the Chipeta Canoeing Club have just returned from a summer jaunt, and are in good spirits. They report that a good time was had and health greatly improved. The club will give a so-called and gastric recital at its grounds next week. The proceeds will go towards beautifying the grounds of the club and promoting a general good feeling. Each member is permitted to bring one cash friend.

Tail-Man-Who-Tosses-with-the-Thunderbolts will start to-morrow for the home of the Great White Father at Washington. He goes to make a treaty or two and be awed by the surplus in the treasury. He will make as many treaties as possible, after which he will invite the Great White Father to visit his young and growing reservation, enjoy our crude hospitality and cultivate the Ute vote.

A select scalp-dance and rum social will take place at the foot of the gulch at the middle of the present moon, after which there will be a presentation speech and resolutions of respect tendered to the Board of Cheateaks and the Sub-Committee on Hostility.

The following will be the menu: Reservation soup, strengthened with rain-water; condemned sardines, codfish balls, fish plates, railroad frogs' legs, sage hen a la Colorado, jerked jack-rabbits, roasted ears a la massacre, hot-house caviars, rattlesnakes' tongues a la fire-water, prickly pears, fruit of the loom, dried apples and whisky. Dancing will be kept up till a late hour.

The approaching nuptials of Fly-by-Night, a partial widower of Snippets, daughter of Wipe-Up-the-Ground-with-His-Enemies, will be the occasion of quite a tawny ensemble and snow-out. He will marry the surviving members of the family of Wamp-to-Walk-er that Wakes-Up-in-the-Night. He will, on this occasion, lead to the altar Mrs. Wamp-to-Walk-er, her two daughters and the hired girl. The wedding will take place at the residence of the bride. Invitations are already out and parties who have not yet present and swap a tin napkin ring for a square meal, will be invited if they will leave their address with the groom.

Crash-of-the-Tempest, a prominent man of the tribe, laid a large tumor on our table last week, weighing four pounds, from which he was removed on Wednesday. So far, this is the largest tumor that has been brought in this summer to apply on subscription. Call again, Crash.

Soiled Charlie and Peek-a-Boo, delegates of the Ute Nation sent to the Great White Father at Washington, returned yesterday from Red Top, the great feast of the Fair. They made a great many treaties and both are utterly exhausted. Peek-a-Boo is confined to his wigwam by the incineration that the air is full of bright red tumble bees with blue tails. He says that

he does not mind the hostility of the white men, but it is his hospitality that makes him tired.

A full-dress reception and commensal was tendered to the friends of Labor at the home of Past Worthy Chief Fly-up-the-Creek, of White River, by his own neighbors and Uncomphagre admirers on Tuesday evening. At an early hour guests began to arrive and crawl under the tent with the reception-room.

A fine band, consisting of a man who had deserted from the regular military band,

played Boulanger's March on the bass drum with deep feeling.

The widow of Wamp-to-Walk-er and attendance of old Fly-by-Night wore a dark coffee, held in place by the wish-bone of a sage hen, and looked first rate.

Miss Wamp-to, the elder, wore a negligee costume, consisting of a red California blanket, caught back with real burdock burs, and held in place by means of a hame strap.

The younger Miss Wamp-to wore a Smyrna rug, with bunch grass at the throat.

Mrs. D. W. Peek-a-Boo wore a cavalry saddle blanket, with Turkish overalls and bone ornaments.

Miss Peek-a-Boo wore a straw-colored jardiniere, cut V-shape, looped back with



A russet shawl strap and trimmed with

rick-rack around the arm-holes. Her eyes danced with merriment, and she danced with most anybody in the wigwam.

Little Casino, the daughter of Fly-Up-the-Creek, of the Uncomphagres, wore the cable end of an "A" tent, trimmed with red flannel rosettes. It had veneered panels and the new and extremely swell sleeves, blown up above the elbow and tight the rest of the way, in which, as she said, in her naive way, they resembled her father, who was tight half of the time and blown up the rest of the time.

Mrs. Roll-on-Silver-Moon has a painful bullet wound in the shoulder, but feels so

grieved about the loss of Little Cholera Infantum that she does not make much fuss over her injury. The funeral of the little one will take place this evening from his late residence, and friends of the parents are cordially invited to come and participate. Waiting will begin promptly at sundown.

Major Santee, who is now at home repairing the roof of his Gothic tepee, which was so damaged by the recent storms that it allowed rain, hail and horned cattle to penetrate his apartments at all times of the day or night, says that in the late great Ute war every body tried to fight except the Indians and the War Department. He believes that no Indian outbreak can be regarded as a success without the hearty cooperation and Godspeed of the Government and a quorum of Indians who are willing to break out into open hostility.

Major Santee says that he hopes it will be many a day before the sheriff organizes another Ute outbreak and compels the Utes to come and bring their families. He says that human life here is now so cheap, especially the red style of human life, that sometimes he is almost tempted to steal \$200,000 and go to New York, where he will be safe.—Bill Nye in N. Y. World.

A NEW OFFICIAL.

Prof. G. Brown Goode, Appointed to Succeed Prof. Baird as United States Fish Commissioner.

Prof. Gordon Brown Goode who has been appointed United States Fish Commissioner to succeed the late Prof. Baird, is still a young man. He was born in New Albany, Ind., in 1851. His childhood was spent in Cincinnati, and his boyhood in the village of Amenia, N. Y., where he prepared for college. In 1870 he graduated from Wesleyan University at Middlebury, Conn. He then studied two years with Prof. Agassiz at Harvard, and then went back to Middlebury to take charge of the college museum. He held there until 1877, being most of the time assistant director of the Fish Commission. He had charge of the natural history division of the Government Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. In 1881 he became assistant director of the National Museum. In 1880 and 1883 he was the United States representative to the Berlin and London Fisheries Expositions. He also had charge of the Government exhibits at the New Orleans, Cincinnati and Louisville expositions.

In 1877 the State department employed him as a statistical expert in connection with the Halifax Fishery Commission. He had charge of the fishery features of the last census and has written several books, "The History of the Menhaden," "Game Fishes of the United States," "Oyster Fisheries of the United States," "Food Fishes of the United States." Mr. Goode is the correspondent of various foreign scientific journals. He will manage the expenditure of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year and do it without compensation, as the law provides none. He receives five thousand dollars a year as one of the secretaries of the Smithsonian Institution.

The Silence Was Oppressive.

There were about half a dozen of them and they had been off somewhere in the country. They were all piled on a wagon, and as they passed one of the numerous cottages a pretty woman accidentally turned a white handkerchief loose. There were six handkerchiefs waving wildly in the breeze in an instant.

"By Jove, she's pretty. I wonder who she is! That was meant for me."

"It wasn't. It was meant for me," said everybody but a little old man sitting on the bottom of the wagon, hidden from sight.

"Well," he said, "I'll bet it was not meant for me."

"Why?"

"Because that was my wife."

And a dead silence fell on the picnic.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Couldn't Be a Corker.

"That fellow is a huster for selling goods," said the clumsy traveler, "I tell you he's a corker."

"I really think you must be mistaken," said the new clerk with the striped shirt and white collar.

"Well, I guess not. I know him."

"But he told me he came from the County Limerick, don't you know?"

You can be cured of your RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA or NERVOUS HEADACHE by using ATHLO-PRO-RS.

TRY IT For years it has been tested and is today the only successful remedy for these diseases.

Where the Man has the cure Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture of the "MOONSHIN GIRL" THE ATHLOPHONE CO. 112 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Wanted

Agents to Sell the HISTORY of the BLACK PHALANX.

No competition. The first of the kind to be published. The history of the Black Phalanx during the war 1861-1865. By Wm. L. Chapin. 128 pp. 10c. Sent by mail on receipt of 10c. The publisher, AMERICAN PUB. CO. Chicago, Ill.

A BARGAIN.

A Fine Farm in Penns Valley four miles south of Centre Hall, will be sold at a low price. For particulars address.

JOHN THOMSON JR., TRUSTEE, Lemont Centre Co. Pa. 29sep2m.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT FROM the date of this notice we will do a strictly cash business, and positively decline to do any more "hickin'." All orders for flour, feed and coal, must be accompanied with cash, or no attention will be paid to them. We will buy all kinds of grain and pay cash for same, or exchange for flour, feed and coal. KURTZ & SON, Centre Hall Feb. 3 1887.

SALESMEN WANTED.

To canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age.

CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y. (Refer to this paper.)

PUBLIC SALE—WILL BE OFFERED ON the premises, near Centre Hall, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1887, The following described real estate of Wm. Emerick, dec'd., consisting of:

VALUABLE FARM, CONTAINING 160 ACRES of land of which about 120 acres are clear and in a high state of cultivation, and under good fences. The balance is:

—O—GOOD TIMBERLAND, —O— with chestnut, oak, pine, and other timber. The improvements consist of a 2-story —HOUSE, BARN, etc.

with all necessary outbuildings, all in good condition. Thereon a good ORCHARD of choice fruit, also a running stream of never failing mountain water convenient to the premises. There is also a rich bank of iron ore on part of the tract, on which several shafts have been sunk and ore beds found, one of which has a depth of 32 feet, within 110 rods of the railroad station. The tract begins at 7 1/2 miles from Centre Hall, and is made known by GEORGE H. EMERICK, CYRUS BRUMGARD, JAMES ALEXANDER, Administrators.

ST. ELMO HOTEL, N. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia Reduced rates to \$2 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure. Your patronage respectfully solicited. JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

HUMPHREYS' DR. HUMPHREYS' BOOK Cloth & Gold Binding 144 Pages, with Steel Engravings, \$1.00. Address, P. O. Box 1510, N. Y.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL BOOKS. CURES. PRICE.

1. Fever, Congestion, Inflammation, etc.	.25
2. Worms, Warm Fever, Worm Colic, etc.	.25
3. Croup, Whooping Cough, etc.	.25
4. Diarrhea, of Children or Adults, etc.	.25
5. Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic, etc.	.25
6. Cholera Morbus, Vomiting, etc.	.25
7. Nausea, Headache, Vertigo, etc.	.25
8. Stomachic, Bile, Headache, etc.	.25
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HOMOEOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—ATLANTIC OCEANIC CO. 140 Fulton St. N. Y.

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Bed Room Suits, Parlor Suits, Side Boards, Lounges, Tables, Bedsteads, Wood and Cane-Seat Chairs, Undertaking a Specialty.

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NEW PLAINING MILL, At Locust Grove, near Grove and Wolf's Saw Mill.

IRA BARGER, has just opened a new and complete planing mill at the above place and is prepared to fill all orders for

SASH, ——— DOORS, ——— SIDING ——— BRACKETS, ——— or anything else in his line. Rates as reasonable as elsewhere, and satisfaction guaranteed.

UNDERTAKING, in all its branches, attended to, and an elegant hearse for funerals.

IRA T. BARGER, Spring Mills 9Febly

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE Spring Term opens April 7, 1887.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1. A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2. A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3. The following ADVANCED COURSES, of two years each, following the first two years of the General Scientific Course, (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4. A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
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7. A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8. A carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9. SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for books and incidentals very low. Tuition

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Unoccupied Fields.

"Let I should build on another man's foundation."—Rom. 15:20.

STIRRING reports come from all parts of America, showing what a great work the churches of God are doing, and I congratulate them and their pastors. Misapprehensions have been going the rounds of the religious papers concerning this church. \$78,316.34 have been paid cash down in this church for religious uses and Christian work during the nineteen years of my ministry here. This church was built by all denominations of Christians and by many sections of this land, other lands, and that obligation has led up to raise money for many objects not connected with our denomination, and this accounts for the fact that we have not regularly contributed to the Boards of our denomination. Subscription papers for all good objects, Christian, humanitarian, collegiate and missionary are as common in this church as the daylight, and no church in Christendom has been more continuous in its charities than this church. Besides that, I am grateful that we have received during the year, by confession of faith in Christ, seven hundred and twenty-eight souls, which fact I mention, not in boasting, but in defense of our church, showing it has been neither idle nor inefficient, and I ask the secular press to set us right. Most of our accessions have been from the outside world, so that, taking the idea of my text, we have not been building on other people's foundations.

In laying out the plan of his missionary tour, Paul sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city mentioned for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and the Sanhedrim were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has

SPECIAL WORK TO DO,

and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that a man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations. If we erect a church we prefer to have it filled with families all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sabbath-school class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this day is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church-pond and jerk out a Methodist, and throw the line into another church-pond and bring out a Presbyterian, or there is a religious row in some neighboring church, and a whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the cause of Christ.

WHAT STRENGTHENS AN ARMY

is new recruits. What I have always desired is, that while we are courteous to those coming from other flocks, we build our church not out of other churches, but out of the world, lest we build on another man's foundation. The fact is, this is a big world. When, in our schoolboy days we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet, we did not learn half. It is the latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and woe and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary, I would say it is bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh,

IT IS A GREAT WORLD.

Since six o'clock this morning sixty thousand eight hundred persons have been born, and all these multiplied populations are to be reached of the Gospel. In England, or in our Eastern American cities, we are being much crowded, and an acre of ground is of great value, but out West five hundred acres is a small farm, and twenty thousand acres is no unusual possession. There is a vast field here and everywhere unoccupied, plenty of room here, not building on another man's foundation.

We need as churches to stop bombarding the

OLD IRONCLAD SINNERS

that have been proof against thirty years of Christian assault. Alas for that church which lacks the spirit of evangelism, spending on one chandelier enough to light five hundred souls to glory, and in one carved pillar enough to have made a thousand men "pillars in the house of our God forever," and doing less good than many a log cabin meeting-house with tallow candles stuck in wooden sockets, and a minister who has never seen a college, or knows the difference between Greek and Choctaw. We need as churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world, and let them know that none are so broken-hearted or hardly bested that will not be welcomed. "No!" says some fastidious Christian, "I don't like to be crowded in heaven. Don't put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assemble they will put fifty in your pew. What are the select few to-day assembled in the Christian churches compared with the

MIGHTIER MILLIONS OUTSIDE

of them, eight hundred thousand in Brooklyn, but less than one hundred thousand in the churches? Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or "run-rounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs, give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet-coated sinners and sinners with a glass on. It is as though a man had a farm of three thousand acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small enclosure, but the field is the world. That means North and South America,

Europe, Asia, and Africa, and all the islands of the sea. It is as though after a great battle there were left fifty thousand wounded and dying on the field, and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The major-general comes in and says to the doctors: "Come out here and look at the nearly fifty thousand dying for lack of surgical attendance!" "No," says the three doctors, standing there fanning their patients, "we have three important cases here, and we are not positively busy with their wounds, it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In

THIS AWFUL BATTLE OF SIN and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes, "Go into the world," say practically: "No I cannot go; I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes to-day who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye, and with earnestness in the accentuation, say "Come!" or they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a tremendous reality. If it be a sham, let us disband our churches and Christian association. If it be a reality, then great populations are on the way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal, and what are we doing?

In order to reach the multitudes of outsiders we must

DROP ALL TECHNICALITIES

out of our religion. When we talk to people about the hypostatic union and French encyclopedism, and Erasmusianism, and Completenessism, we are as impolitic and little understood as if a physician should talk to an ordinary patient about the pericardium, and intercostal muscle, and scorbutic symptoms. Many of us come out of the theological seminaries so loaded up that we take the first ten years to show our people how much we know, and the next ten years get our people to know as much as we know, and at the end find that neither of us know anything as we ought to know. Here are hundreds and thousands of sinning, struggling and dying people who need to realize just one thing—that Jesus Christ came to save them, and will save them now. But we go into a profound and elaborate definition of what justification is, and after all the work, there are not, outside of the learned professions, five thousand people in the United States who can tell

WHAT JUSTIFICATION IS.

I will read to you the definition: "Justification is purely a forensic act, the act of a judge sitting in the forum, in which the Supreme Ruler and Judge, who is accountable to none, and who alone knows the manner in which the ends of His universal government can best be obtained, reasons that which was done by the substitute in the same manner as if it had been done by those who believe in the substitute, and purely upon account of this gracious method of reckoning, grants them the full remission of their sins."

Now, what is justification? I will tell you what justification is—when a sinner believes, God lets him off. One summer in Connecticut I went to a large factory, and I saw over the door written the words: "No Admittance." I entered and saw over the next door: "No Admittance." Of course I entered. I got inside and found it a pin factory, and they were making pins, very serviceable, fine and useful pins. So the spirit of exclusiveness has practically written over the outside door of many a church: "No Admittance." And if the stranger enter he finds practically written over the second door: "No Admittance," and if goes in, over all the few doors seem written: "No Admittance," while the minister stands in the pulpit, hammering out his little niceties, of belief, pounding out the technicalities of religion, making pins. In the most practical, common sense way, and laying aside the non-essentials and the hard definitions of religion, go out on the God-given mission, telling the people what they need and when and how they can get it.

HOW TO TREAT SCEPTICS.

Comparatively little effort as yet has been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called sceptics, and he who goes to work here will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a great multitude of them. They are afraid of us and our churches, for the reason we don't know how to treat them. One of this class met Christ; and hear with what tenderness and pathos and beauty and success Christ dealt with him: "Thou shalt love thy Lord Thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment, and the second is like to this, namely: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than this." And the scribe said to him: "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth: there is one God, and to love Him with all the heart, and all the understanding, and all the soul and all the strength, is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, He said unto him, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." So a sceptic was saved in one interview. But few Christian people treat the sceptic in that way. Instead of taking hold of him with the gentle hand of love, we are apt to take him with the pincers of ecclesiasticism.

You would not be so rough on that man if you knew

HOW HE LOST HIS FAITH

in Christianity. I have known many sceptics from the fact that they grew up in houses where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day in the week. They had religion driven into them with a trip-hammer. They were surfeited with prayer meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were often told they were the worst boys the parents ever knew, because they liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Whenever father and mother talked of religion they drew down the corners of their mouth and rolled up their eyes. If any one thing would send a boy or girl to perdition sooner than another, that is it. If I had

such a father and mother I fear I should have been an infidel.

INCONSISTENT CHRISTIANS.

Others were tripped up of scepticism from being grievously wronged by some man who professed to be a Christian. They had a partner in business who turned out to be a first-class scoundrel, though a professed Christian. Twenty years ago they lost all faith by what happened in an oil company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned no land, or if they did there was no sign of oil produced; but the president of the company was a Presbyterian elder, and the treasurer was an Episcopal vestryman, and one director was a Methodist class-leader, and the other directors prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were gotten out, telling what fabulous prospects opened before this company. Innocent men and women, who had a little money to invest, and that little their all said: "I don't know anything about this company, but so many

GOOD MEN ARE AT THE REAR

of it that it must be excellent, and taking stock in it must be almost as good as joining the church." So they bought the stock, and perhaps received one dividend so as to keep them still, but after awhile they found that the company had reorganized, and had a different president and different treasurer and different directors. Other engagements or ill-health had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign. And all that the subscribers of that stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man, looking over his old papers, comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the religion that the president and trustees and directors of that oil company professed.

Remember, scepticism always has some reason, good or bad, for existing. Goethe's irreligion started when the news came to Germany of the earthquake at Lisbon, November 1, 1775. That sixty thousand of people should have perished in that earthquake, and in the after rising of the Tagus River, so stirred his sympathies that he threw up his belief in the goodness of God.

Others have gone into scepticism from a natural persistence in asking the reason why. They have been fearfully stabbled

THE FATAL INTERROGATION POINT.

There are so many things they cannot get explained. They cannot understand the Trinity or how God can be sovereign and yet man a free agent. Neither can I. They say, "I don't understand why a good God should have let sin come into the world." Neither do I. You say, "Why was that child started in life with such disadvantages, while others have all physical and mental equipment?" I cannot tell. They go out of church on Easter morning and say, "That doctrine of the resurrection confounded me." So it is to me a mystery beyond unravelment. I understand all the processes by which men get into the dark. I know them all. I have travelled with burning feet that blistering way. The first word that children learn to utter is generally papa or mamma. I think the first word I ever uttered was "Why?" I know what it is to have a hundred midnight pour their darkness into one hour.

Such men are not to be scoffed at but helped. Turn your back upon a drowning man when you have the rope with which to pull him ashore, and let that woman in the third story of a house perish in the flames when you have a ladder with which to help her out and help her down, rather than turn your back scoffingly on a sceptic whose soul is in more peril than the bodies of those other endangered ones can be. Oh,

SCEPTICISM IS A DARK LAND.

There are men in this house who would give a thousand worlds, if they possessed them, to get back to the placid faith of their fathers and mothers, and it is our place to help them, and we may help them, never through their heads, but always through their hearts. These sceptics, when brought to Jesus, will be mightily affected, far more so than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers was once a sceptic, Robert Hall a sceptic, Robert Newton a sceptic, Christmas Evans a sceptic. But when once with strong hands they took hold of the chariot of the Gospel, they rolled it on with what momentum!

If I address such men and women to-day, I throw off no scoff. I implore them by the memory of the good old days when at their mother's knee they said: "Now I lay me down to sleep," and by those days and nights of scurvy fever in which she watched you, giving you the medicine in just the right time, and turning your pillow when it was hot, and with hands that many years ago turned to dust, soothed away your pain, and with voice that you will never hear again, unless you join her in the better count, told you to never mind, for you would feel better by and by, and by that dying couch where she looked so pale and talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words, and you felt an awful loneliness coming over your soul; by all that, I beg you to come back and take the same religion. It was good enough for her. It is good for enough for you. Nay, I have a better plea than that. I plead by all the wounds and tears and blood and groans and agonies and death-throes of the son of God, who approaches you this moment with torn brow, and lacerated forehead, and wept back, and saying: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Again, there is a field of usefulness but little touched, occupied by those who are astray in their habits. All northern nations, like those of North America, and England and Scotland, that is, in the colder climates, are

DEVASTATED BY ALCOHOLISM.

They take the fire to keep up the warmth. In southern countries, like Arabia and Spain, the blood is so they are not tempted to fiery liquors. The great Roman armies never drank anything stronger than water tinged with vinegar, but under our northern climate the temptation of heating stimulants is most mighty, and millions succumb. When a man's habits go wrong the church dreads him, the social circle dreads

him, good influences drop him, we all drop him. Of all the men who get off track, but few ever get on again. Near my summer residence there is a life-saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery, for getting people off shipwrecks. Summer before last I saw there fifteen or twenty men who were breakfasting, after having just escaped with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures, and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers there will be apt from shore to come a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many

LIFE-SAVING STATIONS,

not so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the life-boats! And who will man them? We do not preach enough to such men; we have not enough faith in their release. Alas, if when they come to hear us, we are laboriously trying to show the difference between *Sublapsarianism* and *Supralapsarianism* while they have a thousand vipers of remorse and despair coiling around and biting their immortal spirits. The church is not chiefly for goodish sort of men, whose proclivities are all right, and who could go to heaven praying and singing in their own homes. It is on the beach to help the drowning. Those bad cases are the cases that God likes to take hold of. He can save a big sinner as well as a small sinner, and when a man calls earnestly to God for help He will go out to deliver such a one. If it were necessary God would come down from the sky, followed by all the artillery of heaven, and a million angels with drawn swords. Get one hundred such redeemed men in your churches, and nothing could stand before them, for such men are generally warm-hearted and enthusiastic. No formal prayers then. No heartless singing then. No cold conventionalisms then.

DESTITUTE CHILDREN

of the street offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uncared for children are in the majority in Brooklyn and most of our cities. When they grow up, if uneducated, they will outvote your children, they will govern your children. The whisky ring will hatch out other whisky rings, and grog-shops will kill with their horrid stench public sobriety, unless the church of God rises up with outstretched arms and enfolds this dying population in her bosom. Public schools cannot do it. Art galleries cannot do it. Blackwell's Island cannot do it. Almshouses cannot do it. New York Times and Raymond Street Jail cannot do it. Church of God wake up to your magnificent mission! You can do it! Get somewhere, somehow to work!

The Prussian cavalry mount by putting their right foot into the stirrup, while the American cavalry mount by putting their left foot into the stirrup. I don't care how you mount your war chariot, if you only get into this battle for God and get there soon, right stirrup, or left stirrup, or no stirrup at all. The unoccupied fields are all around us, and why should we build on another man's foundation? That God has called this church to special work no one can doubt. Its history has been miraculous. God has helped us at every step, and though the wheels of its history have made many revolutions, they have all been forward, and never backward, and now with our borders enlarged, and with important reinforcements, we start on a new campaign.

A REVELATION.

At Sharon Springs, nineteen years ago, walking in the park, I asked God, if He had any particular work for me to do, to make it plain and I would do it. He revealed to me the style of the architecture, and He revealed to me the modes of worship, and He revealed to me my work, and, as far as in my ignorance and weakness I have seen the right way. I have tried to walk in. We decided that we wanted it a soul-saving church, and it has been almost a constant outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Ye powers of darkness, ye devils in hell, we mean to snatch from your dominion other multitudes, if God will help us. I have heard of what was called the "thundering legion." It was in 179, a party of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest, which overthrew an invading army and saved the empire. And I would to God that this church may be so mighty in prayer and work that it would become a thundering legion, before which the forces of the sun might be routed, and the gates of hell might tremble. Now that the autumn has come, and the Gospel Ship has been repaired and enlarged, it is time to launch her for another voyage. Heave away now, lads! Shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Come, O heavenly wind, and fill the canvas! Jesus aboard will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward. Jesus on the shore will welcome us into harbor.

The Most High Church in Europe.

The very highest church in Europe is the pilgrimage chapel of St. Maria de Ziteit, above Saluz, in the canton of Graubunden. It lies 2,434 meters above the sea level—nearly 8,000 feet high above the forest, near the limits of perpetual snow. It is only open during the summer time of that region—or, as the folks thereabouts reckon, from St. John the Baptist's Day to St. Michael's Day—and is used only by the Alpbards, who remain there through the summer with their cows and goats, and occasionally by hunters in search of the chamois and marmot. All the inhabitants of Saluz climb up thither, in the Midsummer Day to assist at the first mass and hear the first sermon of the year, and there is also a crowded congregation on Michaelmas Day, at the last service of the year. From time to time a few stray pilgrims from the Graubunden Oberland and the Tyrol find their way there. The second highest church probably in Europe, that of Monstein, also open only in the summer, belongs to Graubunden. At our visit the hale old preacher had five foreign tourists for his congregation.

White clover, as a summer pasturage for hogs, is highly esteemed in Iowa.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

The Harvest and the laborers.

LESSON TEXT.
(Matt. 9:35-38; 10:1-8. Memory verses, 36-38.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the King in Zion.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.*—1 Chron. 29:11.

LESSON TOPIC: *The King's Authority over Duty.*

Lesson: (1) The Duty of Praying, vs. 35-38. Outline: (2) The Duties of Discipleship, vs. 1-4. (3) The Duty of Laboring, vs. 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Freely ye have received, freely give.*—Matt. 10:8.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Matt. 9:35-38; 10:1-8. The King's authority over duty.
T.—Matt. 10:9-31. Duty expounded.
W.—Mark 3:13-19. The twelve sent forth.
T.—Mark 6:7-13, 30-34. The twelve at work.
F.—Luke 12:1-21. Lessons on duty.
S.—Luke 12:22-40. Lessons on duty.
S.—Matt. 25:14-30. Fidelity rewarded.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THE DUTY OF PRAYING.

1. A Pitiable Sight:

They were distressed and scattered, as sheep not having a shepherd (36). That the congregation... be not as sheep which have no shepherd (Num. 27:17).

I saw all Israel scattered upon the mountains (1 Kings 22:17).

They were scattered, because there was no shepherd (Ezek. 34:5). They are afflicted, because there is no shepherd (Zech. 10:2).

II. A Saddening Fact:

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few (37). No man careth for my soul (Psa. 142:4).

The harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few (Luke 10:2).

The fields... are white already unto harvest (John 4:35). Come over unto Macedonia, and help us (Acts 16:9).

III. A Potent Remedy:

Pray ye... the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers (38). Pray... that he send forth laborers into his harvest (Luke 10:2).

Praying for us also, that God may open unto us a door (Col. 4:3).

Brethren, pray for us (1 Thess. 5:25). Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may run (2 Thess. 3:1).

1. "He was moved with compassion for them." (1) The needy multitude; (2) the compassionate Lord.

(—1) Human needs; (2) Divine sympathies.

2. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." (1) The plenteous harvest; (2) The few laborers.—(1) Harvest ready; (2) Harvesters needed.

3. "Pray ye therefore." Prayer in its relation (1) To the gathering of the harvest; (2) To the multiplication of the laborers.—Prayer (3) To whom? (2) By whom? (3) For whom?

II. DUTIES OF DISCIPLESHIP.

I. The Honored Twelve:

His twelve disciples (1). Ye also shall sit on twelve thrones (Matt. 19:28).

He appointed twelve, that they might be with him (Mark 3:14).

He called unto him the twelve (Mark 6:7).

He chose from the twelve, whom also he named apostles (Luke 6:13).

II. Power Against Evil:

He gave them authority over unclean spirits (1).

To have authority to cast out devils (Mark 3:16).

He gave them authority over the unclean spirits (Mark 6:7).

They that were troubled with unclean spirits were healed (Luke 6:18).

He... gave them power and authority over all devils (Luke 9:1).

III. Power for Good:

He... gave them authority... to heal all manner of diseases (1).

They... anointed many that were sick, and healed them (Mark 6:13).

They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover (Mark 16:18).

He... gave them power... to cure diseases (Luke 9:1).

The Prayer of faith shall save him that is sick (Jas. 5:15).

1. "He called unto him his twelve disciples." (1) Whom he called; (2) Whither he called; (3) Why he called.—(1) The Lord; (2) The twelve; (3) The call.

2. "Gave them authority." Apostolic authority; (1) Its source; (2) Its scope; (3) Its uses.

3. "To cast them out, and to heal." (1) Antagonizing the evil; (2) Promoting the good.

III. THE DUTY OF LABORING.

I. Going Forth:

These twelve Jesus sent forth (5).

I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves (Matt. 10:16).

Go ye into all the world (Mark 16:15). He sent them forth (Luke 9:2).

The Lord... sent them two and two before his face (Luke 10:1).

II. Preaching Constantly:

And as ye go, preach (7).

They went out, and preached (Mark 6:12).

They went forth, and preached everywhere (Mark 16:20).

They proclaimed the word of God in the synagogues (Acts 13:5).

He preached Jesus and the resurrection (Acts 17:18).

III. Giving Freely:

Freely ye have received, freely give (8).

He urged him to take it; but he refused (9 Kings 5:16).

Thou hast thought to obtain the gift of God with money (Acts 8:20).

I preached to you the gospel of God for nought (2 Cor. 11:7). I will give... of the water of life, freely (Rev. 21:6).

1. "These twelve Jesus sent forth." The mission of the apostles; (1) Its founder; (2) Its constituency; (3) Its objects.

2. "As ye go preach." (1) Going out for Jesus; (2) Preaching at the wayside.

3. "Freely ye received, freely give." (1) Give; (2) Give freely; (3) Give freely as ye have received.—(1) God a free giver; (2) God a true model.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE APOSTLES.

1. Their Appointment: Of God (1 Cor. 1:1; 12:28; Gal. 1:1). Of Christ (Matt. 10:1; Rom. 1:5). Of the Holy Ghost (Acts 13:2, 3). Ordained by Christ (Mark 3:13, 14; John 15:16).

Received their title from Christ (Luke 6:13).

2. Their Duties:

To preach to Israel (Matt. 10:6; Luke 24:47).

To go to all nations (Matt. 28:19, 20; Mark 16:15).

To minister in the gospel (Acts 6:4; Matt. 20:27).

To witness to Christ's resurrection (Acts 1:2, 3, 8, 22).

To work miracles (Matt. 10:1; Luke 9:1; Acts 2:43).

3. Their Experiences: Rose from lowly stations (Matt. 4:18; Acts 4:13).

Hated by the world (Matt. 10:22; John 15:18, 19).

Persecuted by the world (Matt. 10:17, 18; John 16:2).

The Holy Ghost taught them (Luke 12:11,

Sick Headache

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and Proprietor

CENTRE HALL, PA., October 27, 1887

TERMS.—One year, \$1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. Advertisements 20 cents per line for 2 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

—GOLD DIVIDEND—

—O—O—O—

KEEP COOL!

and buy at

Bartholomews' Store,

Cheapest Store in Centre County.

LOCAL ITEMS.

It is still somewhat difficult for dealers to get coal.

The snow is eight inches deep at Gaylord, Mich., after a two days' storm. Our county taxes have been reduced—tax payers, vote for Greist for that. Grove will have many Republican votes here, Rhoads seems to be no go with them.

Mr. A. B. McNitt, one of Millin county's wealthy farmers, spent a few days over here, beginning of the week. Weather broke in clear on Wednesday, but rather cool, having been cloudy and raw three or four days previous.

Quarterly meeting was held in the M. E. church, in this place, last Sabbath. The presiding elder, also Rev. Bouse, were present.

Curtin and Orris have consented to address the meeting at Penn Hall, Wed. evening Nov. 2nd. This is sufficient to guarantee a large attendance.

Landlord Bibby, of Spring Mills, will move to Baltimore, this week. We have not learned who will be Mr. Bibby's successor at the Spring Mills house.

Some chappies are very much annoyed by the good that has been accomplished by the REPORTER—it gives 'em a gripping in their jealous bowels, when one whispers about it.

Herby, a bright and interesting son of Mr. Samuel Musser, of Millheim, died on last Sunday morning and was buried on Tuesday. We did not learn the nature of the disease; his age was about eight years.

A heavy county debt that hung over us for years, has been paid off; the county now has a balance of \$17,000 in its favor; the taxes have been reduced. For all this every honest man owes A. J. Greist his vote for a third term.

A vicious bull owned by Wes Snyder, of near Rebersburg, says the Lock Haven Democrat, broke loose, one night recently, and found his way to that gentleman's horse stable, lacerating one of the animals in a frightful manner.

The Methodist church in Rebersburg will be reopened next Sunday. There will be a service at 10 o'clock a.m. and also one in the evening. Rev. Mr. Elliot, of Birmingham, will preach the sermon. The pastor of the church is Rev. Samuel Ham.

Lumbering operations are becoming quite active in the mountains between this and Pleasant Gap. New saw mills are being put in and every stick of timber of any value whatever is being cut down and converted into lumber, most of which is being shipped.

The weather on Friday set in quite raw and somewhat stormy, and on Saturday morning, lonely snowflakes could be seen dodging around as if to remind us that winter was nigh. Sunday was also cold with high winds prevailing.

Accounts of fearful storms in all parts of the lake region reach us, attended by great damage to shipping and loss of lives, and to buildings. We had very high winds in our county from Sunday to Wednesday, but not of a nature to cause any damage.

Mr. Joseph Ludwig returned on Tuesday evening from Rebersburg, where he had been called some time ago by the sudden illness of his wife, who was visiting her parents. Mrs. Ludwig is still quite ill from rheumatism and is confined to her bed.

A party of hunters from Penn, who were at Paddy Mt., returned Saturday, having killed a deer. Deer, thus far, have not been reported plenty. Guess when Commissioner Decker gets to looking around a little, after election, venison will fall in price, as his luck is proverbial. Just now John is busy hunting voters.

The large barn owned by Mr. Scott Woods, about one mile from Julian Furnace, was destroyed by fire Monday morning at 9 o'clock, together with all its contents. It contained some good stock and the entire crop of the year. Mr. Woods had no insurance. This makes the loss very heavy for him and he will have general sympathy in his misfortune.

The Beech Creek railroad company, since the cold weather began, says the Lock Haven Express, have been trying the experiment of heating their passenger cars with steam, and with complete success. The steam used for making the heat is taken from the engine and does the work of a stove satisfactorily. The system works so well that it will likely be generally adopted.

The party of hunters that alighted from the train, Monday, and struck for Colyer's, boarded the train again, on Saturday. They had no venison, but half a dozen turkeys—wild turkeys they called 'em—of goodly size, dangling from their belts, which were taken home to Dauphin county to attest to their skill as Nimrods. Hope the turkeys were actually wild, as they would be better eating.

LOCAL HISTORY.

The following items pertaining to our local history, will be of interest:

Hanne, in the Indian language, means stream. Bald Eagle was called by the Delaware Waplanowach Schischanne—i. e., the stream of the Bald Eagle's Nest.

Beech Creek was called by the Delaware Schaweninch-hanne, i. e., Beech Stream.

Buffalo Run was so named from a buffalo lick on that stream.

Fishing Creek was called by the Indians Names-hanne, i. e., Fish Stream.

Mooshannon was called Mooshanne, that is Elk Stream.

Nittany mountain, is the range from Lemont to the river at Lewisburg.

Penns Creek was called in 1754 Kaarondinah, and later John Penn's Creek.

Poe Creek was named after Capt. James Poe, son-in-law of Gen. James Potter.

Sinnemahoning comes from Achsinimahoni, meaning Stony Lick.

Sinking Creek so named because it sinks and reappears at different points.

Tussey mountains extend from near Pottery Mills to beyond Spruce Creek, and were named after a family named Tussey, early settlers in Huntingdon county.

Wallis Run, named after Samuel Wallis, of Muncy, who owned large tracts along that stream.

Penn's Valley was discovered in 1764 by Capt. Potter, from top of Nittany mountain.

The Manor of Sacoeth contained 820 acres, upwards from the mouth of Sinking creek, and was owned by the Penns until 1791, when it was sold, at the death of John Penn, in three parts. No. 3 was sold by the Penns to Archibald Allison, and embraces the property still owned by his descendants. No. 2, was sold to John Harper in 1791.

The Manor of Nottingham, 1035 acres, was held by the Penns until 1794 when they divided it into three parts. Their manor lay north of the Boalsburg road in Potter township, beginning near Old Fort and extended to the Harris and Potter townships line, embracing the lands principally between the railroad and the Boalsburg road.

The first emigrant to Centre county was Andrew Boggs, 1769, who settled near the mouth of Spring Creek.

The first settler in Penn's valley was Wilcox, where Earlstown now is, in 1772, and he was the only one that year. In 1774 there were five settlers, Geo. M'Comick, Potter, M'Grew, J. M'ullen and Hubler.

Potter township was erected in 1774, being in Northumberland county and extended from Lemont east to and including a part of Hartley township, in Union county, and all Brush valley.

The first grist mill and sawmill, the M'Grew mill, erected in 1775, on the site of the present Red Mill.

In 1778 the family of Abraham Standford were murdered by the Indians. Mr. Standford, his wife and two children, at their hut on the farm owned in 1831 by Peter Ruble. The bodies lie buried in a corner of one of the fields of Ephraim Keller's farm.

There were two forts in Penn's valley, the Upper Fort, in Potter township, and the Lower Fort, in Haines township, on farm of John Bowersox, near Hubler's Run.

Gen. Potter owned most of the land from Earlstown to near Spring Mills, and also held negro slaves. He erected the grist mill at Pottery Mills, 1788-89, which was destroyed by fire a few years ago, then property of Wm. J. Thompson.

In 1790 Haines township was erected, and named after Reuben Haines, a brewer in Philadelphia, who owned a large body of land in that township.

The first store at Pottery Mills was opened in 1790 by James Potter, Jr., and one year later he erected a distillery. Centre Furnace was erected in 1791, by Col. Samuel Miles and Col. Patton, and was the first blast furnace in Centre county.

Miles township was organized in 1797, out of part of Haines.

The first post office in our county was established at Milesburg in 1797. Joseph Green, post master; prior to this the nearest post office was Northumberland.

The Valentine Forges, at Bellefonte were erected in 1798 by John Danolp. In April 1798 the post office at Aaronburg was established with James Duncan as post master, and same year post office at Bellefonte with James Harris as p. m.

July 1799 John Patton offered a reward of 2s for a runaway slave, John. Centre county was erected in 1800. Our first county jail was 30 feet long and 25 feet wide in the clear and cost \$1162. First President Judge was James Riddle in 1701. The following licenses were granted: Matthias Beck, Aaronburg; Robert Porter, Franklin; Thomas Wilson, Centre; James Whitehill, Potter; Philip Callahan, Aaronburg. Licenses increased from that, until a few years ago the number of applicants was about 70; now the number granted is reduced to about 18.

The first county tax levied amounted to \$1755.50. Centre township was abolished in 1810 and Howard and Walker erected out of the territory.

Ferguson and Halfmoon townships were erected in 1801. The first murder, 1802, in the county was by a negro, Daniel Byers who shot a mulatto, James Barrows. James Duncan, high Sheriff, executed Byers, Dec. 13, 1802. The rope broke, and there came near being a row, which however was squelched.

Rush township was erected 1814, also Boggs. Monks, of Potter twp., was hung Jan. 23, 1819, for the murder of Reuben Guild.

In 1820 the robbers, Lewis and Connelly, were the terror of the Seven Mountains.

NOTES.

S. L. S.—Cheats all. Thanks to all who send us money on bills enclosed.

Potatoes are not trump any more, just now.

Wm. Reed, for several years a hand in the roller mill, has resigned, and will flit to some other part of the kingdom.

Chas. Bolinger has moved to Altoona.

Next Will Shirk threatens to flit to Altoona.

Pay your dues on REPORTER, and be happy.

Democrats, and all others, turn out to the Democratic meetings.

Vote for Greist, the best commissioner we ever had.

POTTER'S MILLS ITEMS.

William Ruble, a son of Mrs. William Strong, of this place, had one of his limbs badly hurt, at school, one day last week. Caused by jumping upon the back of another boy and falling to the ground.

Mr. John Wilkinson is having his new house painted by D. F. Luse, of Centre Hall. The house presents a fine appearance and with the beautiful location, makes it an attractive home. Mr. Wilkinson and family intend to occupy it this fall.

Mr. W. J. Thompson is having a new saw mill put where the old one was consumed by fire, last winter, and will be ready for the rolling in of logs early in the winter.

The farmers are about through with their corn in this section; some have their cribs full, others are still storing away.

The hunters of this vicinity have not obtained any deer yet; they have only been out a few days.

Miss Alice Palmer, of this place, is visiting relatives at Reedsville.

Rev. G. W. Bouse, formerly of Penns Valley charge, and now of Milesburg, filled the pulpit of the M. E. church, at Sprucetown, Sabbath last, and delivered a fine sermon on the following text: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." After which the Lord's Supper was administered to a goodly number of communicants. All seemed to be gratified by his appearance.

FOUND DEAD.

A woman, named Gingerick, whose maiden name was Shultz, living alone, near Farmer's Mills, was found dead in her bed, on last Sunday morning. She was last seen on Friday evening, and was husking corn on Thursday for a neighbor. On Sunday morning the family of John Emerick, living close to her, observed that all was quiet about the woman's house and that they had not seen her for a day or longer, went and rapped at her door, but received no answer. Some men were called who managed to look in through the window of Mrs. Gingerick's bed chamber, and saw her lying on the bed. They forced open the door, and found the woman dead. Her age was about 50 years.

THE MARRIED WOMAN'S LAW.

In Court of Common Pleas, No. 3, Philadelphia, a suit was brought in the name of a man and his wife in the right of his wife against the maker of a promissory note. In the affidavit of defense to the action the point was made that the wife being the holder of the note, should have sued, and not the new act in her own name, and that the husband, being joined with her, the action was improperly brought. This point was sustained by the Court.

A BIG LAY OF EGGS.

Our friend Rockey, the Tusseyville hunter, had some 200 dozen eggs stolen from his shed, on last Friday night. Rockey had his wagon loaded and in readiness to attend market at Bellefonte next morning, but when he wanted to start, he found the eggs missing, somebody had found the nest and no doubt thought the hen-fruit might freeze, of being out, and the eggs were found non est. Mr. Rockey thinks he can get track of the thieves and will make a haul in return. We hope so, eggs-actly.

FOUND GUILTY.

Mr. Ernest, the man who got out fraudulent pension papers, was tried at U. S. court, at Pittsburg, one day last week and found guilty, and was sentenced to two years imprisonment. Ernest had his home in and about Coburn, had no family, led a life of straggling life, and is about 45 years of age.

Monday night burglars entered the store of Mr. James Musser, at Hartleton, and after loading up a spring wagon they had backed up to the front door with general merchandise, moved off. It was a quiet steal and nothing has been heard of the night hawks since, although the bold break has aroused the Hartley Twp. detectives.—Sat. News.

Fleming, the fashionable tailor, Bellefonte, Pa. Miss Christie Krape has started on a trip to California.

Calvin Solt expects to open a tailoring establishment in Centre Hall before very long.

Mr. A. B. McNitt, one of Millin county's wealthy farmers, spent a few days over here beginning of the week.

Cool weather is setting in and you want a fall overcoat. To get one cheap go to Lewins, at the Philad. Branch.

Did you see the fine assortment of square parlor heaters at Keesman's stove emporium? Everybody is bound to have one.

Democrats, look out for traitors in the ranks. The vile Gazette plainly betrays that it is in cahoot with them again.

Quarterly meeting was held in the M. E. church, in this place, last Sabbath. The presiding elder, also Rev. Bouse, were present.

You may be in need of clothing for winter wear, don't fail to see goods and prices at M. Fannie's Rochester clothing house, Bellefonte, Pa.

Every Democrat in the valley should attend at least one of the Democratic meetings to be held at different points between this and election day, Nov. 8th.

Get your ready made clothing at the Philadelphia Branch, and you will not be imposed upon and save money besides. Lewins always deals fairly, and at a lowest in the county.

The cold weather is coming on us rapidly and of nothing more cheering than to have one of Reesman's beautiful square parlor heaters in your house to keep everything comfortable.

Dr. Chas. Emerick has come down; we mean he has left his mountain home and flitted down town and occupies part of the Whitmer homestead, vacated recently by Chas. Bollinger. We can now call Dr. neighbor, and will have him handy in case we need a pill.

Fleming, the fashionable tailor of Bellefonte, is busy day and night putting out work. He is located in Crider's new building in the diamond where everybody can find his room. A good fit and in the latest style is what you get when you leave your order for a suit. Go to Flemings for fine clothing.

A WOMAN BADLY WOUNDED.

THE VERY SERIOUS AFFAIR WHICH OCCURRED ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

Relative to the rumored shooting of a woman at Bellefonte, Saturday night, last, we glean the following from the News:

The place of the crime is the house occupied by John Bryan and wife No. 23 West Smith street—sometimes called Thomas street. The time was a few minutes before 10 o'clock.

The following is Poorman's story: Edward Poorman and Harvey Lanver, or Stratton, as he is sometimes called, were passing along Smith street about 10 o'clock that night. Both of them had been drinking. Poorman entered John Bryan's room which is on the basement floor of No. 23 Mrs. Bryan was there alone. Some words passed between them when Poorman took hold of Mrs. Bryan roughly. She told him to desist. About this time Stratton also entered. She threatened to shoot them and went to an organette and opened it, presumably to take out a revolver. Then the men left and when about fifty yards from the house they heard the report of a revolver.

The woman's story is as follows: She relates that Poorman entered her room and took hold of her. Although she resisted him he forced her onto a lounge. Then Stratton entered and she called to him—"For God's sake take this man away!" He did not attempt to do so, but she managed to reach the organette from which she took a large 38-calibre revolver. Poorman grasped it at the same time, and in the struggle it was discharged. The bullet wounded the middle finger and the thumb of her right hand and then entered the abdomen just above the pelvis, making a wound straight through to the vicinity of the backbone, near which it must be lodged. The wound was probed part way by Dr. Miles Kirk. No attempt has been made to extract the bullet.

A man named Fulton lives overhead who heard the struggle below and also the report of the revolver. As soon as the woman was shot she ran into the house of Mr. William Baney, next door, and exclaimed either that she had been shot or that she shot herself.

Anyone who knows the nature of a wound almost through the body at such a spot will be surprised that the woman is still alive.

Edward Poorman is only about 19 years of age. He belongs to an excellent family, and his father, who works at the planing mill here, is deeply grieved and mortified that his son should be concerned in such a crime. Harvey Lanver, or Stratton, is 27 years of age. Both live at Coleville.

The men were arrested on Saturday night and placed in jail. This morning they were released on bail.

COBURN HAPPENINGS.

A crowd of our deer hunters was out five days last week and came home with one spike buck, and report deer not very plenty. Another crowd went out this morning.

Last Thursday evening several of our citizens had an invitation to come to Ingely to a birth day party, and report having a good time.

On Saturday evening they had quite a fracas down at Fowler. They say the spittoons, rocking chair and stove wood flew lively for a few minutes, but no body hurt, only a little furniture demolished. The party will be arrested for assault and battery.—Such is life when a man can't control his temper.

Eq. Garthoff has removed his office from Vanada's store to his residence on Railroad street.

Wallace Kerstetter is trying his hand at counter jumping at Vanada's store.

On last Sunday Rev. Yearick held communion services, and had a well filled house.

Henry Whitmer was here yesterday to see his son who is in the lumber business in Pittsburgh. Somewhat under the weather for some time and had to come back to Centre county. It doesn't seem to agree with him in Union county. O. K. Coburn, Oct. 25, 1887.

We clip the following from the Lock Haven Democrat: W. Curtis, the lightning manipulator of the Bohemian oats swindle, is said to be carrying on his business in New York. A gentleman of our town has received letters of inquiry as to Curtis' standing, and as to the Penna. Seed Company of Bellefonte. Anyone of Mr. Curtis' many victims in our county would pronounce him a fraud and swindler of the first water. His Penna. Seed Co. is a fraud, his bonds are a swindle and Curtis himself is a grand rascal. He is wanted here for his swindling operations and if any of his victims desire his address we will furnish it to them.—Centre Democrat.

Yet what is to be thought of a fellow knowing all the above, and then be a willing tool to suck his own neighbors into such a swindle?

TURN OUT!

There will be no large parade, display of fireworks, balloon ascension or any kind of bombastic show at the various Democratic meetings to be held in this valley between this and Nov. 8th. Instead every voter, tax payer and citizen, no matter of what political faith or creed, is requested to be present and hear the discussion of the issues involved in the present campaign. It is your right to vote, moreover it is your solemn duty, and in order to vote intelligently you should hear a free and open discussion of the men and principles at stake. Let every laborer, farmer, merchant and American citizen in Penna. Valley turn out, and hear how his interests are being protected and decide how to vote that they may be advanced in the future. Turn out, one and all!

NEW FIRM.

On Wednesday evening of this week Henry Booser sold his grocery store Meat Market and building, to John Spangler who will take possession of the same next Tuesday. As we understand Mr. Spangler and son Reuben will carry on the business the same as heretofore. From what we learned from Mr. Booser he expects to leave Centre Hall and locate some where in the west, in the course of a few months.

The tailoring establishment connected with the Philad. Branch is over-run with orders for suits, and it now employs more hands than any other establishment in the county. The suits made by them under the best satisfaction, and the prices are found lower than elsewhere. This accounts for the rush they have there.

SPRING MILLS.

The M. E. Church is being painted by Geo. Leitzell, and the plasterers have finished, after which it will soon be completed.

Rev. J. W. Evans and family are visiting his parents but expect to return this week.

J. H. Bibby our obliging landlord will move to Baltimore this week, at present cannot say if the house will be left vacant.

Mary Duncan is visiting relations and friends before she starts for Florida, Nov. 10th at which place she intends making her home.

Miss D. K. Miller will leave for Lock Haven in a few weeks to remain for a while.

A notice Augustus Kennelly has become a popular solo singer in the Reformed choir.

R. G. Eisenhart our enterprising Creamery man is moving business in the right direction, and has become settled down.

Geo. Shewly at Penna. Cave, is again running his saw mill at full blast.

Salie Shultz at Farmers Mills was buried Sunday last, age 72. Her death was unknown for several days. Neighbors not seeing any smoke, made an examination and found the house locked.

They forced an entrance and to their horror found her lying a corpse in bed, with her wearing apparel on in the position as though she was sleeping. There was no evidence of a struggle or dislocation of any clothing, she had been husking corn on Thursday evening. It is supposed she died Friday or Saturday night and was found Sunday morning.

Mrs. R. H. Meyer was in town over Sunday visiting friends.

H. M. Bidwell, is as happy as a big snailflower over the addition of a girl baby.

C. P. Long will move next week.

Fleming the tailor, Bellefonte, Pa. A fine magnetic pad, for rheumatism, etc., for sale at Murray's drug store.

Pete Keller and family expect to return to their home in Kansas in the course of a few weeks.

President Cleveland has issued a proclamation for the observance of Nov. 24 as Thanksgiving day.

The "Agents Advocate" is the name of a new paper at Spring Mills with A. L. Auman as publisher.

On next Monday night the boys will be let loose and development run high—it will be "Hollow Een."

Lydie, a five year old daughter of Lewis Tobias, of Millheim, died of diphtheria on Wednesday morning of this week.

Sheriff Noll, that is to be, spent an hour in our sanctum to-day. The Sheriff goes to jail by sentence of the people, Jan'y 1st, next.

Fannie's clothing house, Bellefonte has been doing a rushing business this season—the reason is they keep a fine assortment and sell at close figures.

Suits made to order, at the Philadelphia Branch, where one of the best tailors in the state is employed. Satisfaction guaranteed as to prices and fit.

Our markets run in prices as follows: Wheat old 80, new 75. Oats 28. Corn out of the field 35 to 40. Potatoes 50. Apples, picked 35 to 50.

The funeral of Bible Durst, on last Sabbath morning, was largely attended. The young man had been in failing health for some time and his death was the result of a complication of diseases.

He was a son of Hiram Durst of near Centre Hall and was the oldest child of the family.

A party who some time ago had been induced to quit the REPORTER "on pure falsehood's" told him—"his own words—has come into line again, saying he was sick of the childish stuff that he had got in place of the REPORTER for six months, and now wants to go back to sound reading again."

The new railroad leading from the large furnace, near Bellefonte, to the ore banks in Nittany valley is rapidly nearing completion. The new road will cross the pike near the toll gate above the new furnace. It will cross the pike at an elevation of about twenty feet by a span of ironwork.

The school board of Centre Hall, in observance of arbor day, will plant shade trees in the school house inclosure. Every person should plant at least one tree each year—it will be an immense good to coming generations. Trees can be planted to grow up on spots that never will be cultivated, bringing in return, fruit, wood and shade.

Stover & Mott's Bellefonte marble works challenge the State for elegance of work, and have no fears to meet any put out by any marble works, not even in Philadelphia. This is no idle boast, but the plain truth and their work everywhere shows it, whether it be a monument, headstone, or anything else in their line.

A farmer down the valley, whose name we have forgotten, raised 425 bushels of potatoes from one acre of ground, this fall. He got only 25 cents per bushel for his crop, it would amount to \$106, which is quite a handsome sum, but as he is likely to get at least 50c, he will realize \$212. Now that is not bad, and should stimulate farmers to experiment farther as to what will pay better than raising wheat.

Meeks Fanny is O. K. now. On Wednesday officer Amos Mullen came over and took the old mare from Will Ruble's possession. Before leaving however, he got telephonic consent from Mr. Meek to place her in the hands of Will Sandoe, for keeping. Sandoe gave bonds to feed the old critter well and treat her kindly. Both Meek and Fanny are happy now.

Please call and examine our large stock of cloths and cassimeres suitable for any garment in Men's wear—a full assortment of Overcoats "READY MADE" The largest line of Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods in the county—all work guaranteed to fit or no sale.

Montgomery & Co. Brockerhoff Row & Humes Block.

We took in Garman's new hotel at Bellefonte one day last week, and found quite an improvement over the old building destroyed by fire last winter. The general design and finish displays great taste and beauty. Convenience has not been overlooked as electric bells, light, steam heat, water and every